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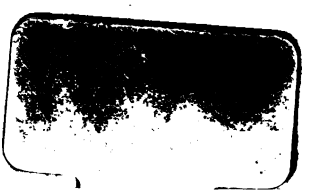

# SALVADOR,

OR

# *BARON DE MONTBELLIARD.*

IN TWO VOLUMES.

BY

MRS. CROFFTS,

AUTHOR OF ANKERWICK CASTLE, &c.

" Turn the world's history;—what find we there
" But Fortune's ſports, or Nature's cruel claims,
" Or woman's artifice, or man's revenge,
" And endleſs inhumanities on man?"

YOUNG.

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# SALVADOR;

OR, THE

# *BARON DE MONTBELLIARD.*

## CHAP. I.

*Which contains ſtill more matter to wonder at.*

WHEN Salvador was left alone, he pondered on the circumſtance of all his people being made drunk. His men, who had never been irregular before, all to have fallen from their duty; it was an event ſo unaccountable and extraordinary, that Salvador augured no good from it. Some unfair means had certainly been uſed

which he much feared Zoderiſki was at the bottom of—he blamed himſelf much for coming to his father's caſtle, and yet ſomething there was in the letter of the Lady Abbeſs which ſeemed to point out the very ſpot he then was in as the ſureſt place to gain intelligence; he felt reluctant, unaccountably reluctant, to enter this Caſtle of Leichenſtein, and could not help a dread of he knew not what—he and his five adherents were nothing to ſuch a legion as his father in a moment could command; he ſaw himſelf in imagination dragged to ſome loathſome dungeon, accuſed of ſome vile deed—chained to the ground—groaning under the preſſure of his woes—pining away his youthful days in ſadneſs and deſpair.

Such was the picture he drew, ſuch was the fate that he concluded awaited him; and

and he ſat in expectation of being alarmed by ſome violent procedure: he placed his ſword by his bed-ſide, he fixed a dagger in his breaſt, and looking at his fire-arms, he found them ſafe; he changed the powder, leſt that alſo might be tampered with; and, thus prepared, he ſoftly walked about the room to keep himſelf awake; for after his fatigue he found himſelf inclined to ſleep. He went to his dreſſing-caſe, and looking in a ſecret drawer for ſome choice perfumes of which he was extravagantly fond, he found a ſlip of paper with theſe words in the hand-writing of his faithful Swiſs; "My noble Lord and Maſter, go not to bed, but ſtand prepared—your faithful ſervants are not diſguiſed in liquor, as you believe; they have pretended to be drunk, to colour better their intent—that villain Zoderiſki comes—I can no more.—Hartly knows

your room, and will be with you before it is morning—forgive the liberty of your humble vaſſal."

Amazement bound up all the faculties of Salvador—he read the ſlip of paper over and over; he could in no way account for its contents. Indignation and rage by turns aſſailed him; he could not reaſon upon the cauſe and effects of all this myſtery; he knew not from whence they ſprung; but that ſome fatal myſterious plot did exiſt, he was moſt certain.

He told his ſervants, ere he left Montbelliard, to be upon the watch to gain intelligence where and how they could—their maſter's life depended on his finding the lady he was in queſt of. Hartly, who knew her gentle nature, ſung forth her praiſes in ſuch true and genuine colours, that the hearers felt a degree of zeal amounting

ing to enthuſiaſm. Amongſt the vaſſals of the Caſtle, the Swiſs had one moſt truſty friend, on whom the wily Zoderiſki long had meditated revenge, but that he was acquainted with ſo many of the ſecrets of the Baron Leichenſtein and his corrupt adherents, that Zoderiſki feared and hated him, and wiſhed, though dreaded, his removal from the Caſtle. The Swiſs ſoon found his friend, and from him gained ſuch knowledge as put the followers of Salvador on their guard. They ſoon diſcovered their Lord and Maſter to be a moſt unwelcome gueſt at the Caſtle, and took ſuch inſtant meaſures as they thought moſt fitting the occaſion. Salvador paſſed the firſt one hour of the night in almoſt breathleſs expectation, waiting the arrival of Hartly. As midnight approached, he felt a moſt uncommon heavineſs come over him:

he tried to ſhake it off, but found it would not do; he ſoftly walked about the room, in hopes the exertion would rouze him, but all had no effect—a ſtupor ſeized him, and putting on his night-cap, he threw himſelf into the middle of the bed, dreſſed as he was, and covering himſelf up with the quilt, he ſunk at once into a deep and heavy ſleep. When he awoke, a moſt extraordinary ſenſation pervaded his whole frame, a ſickiſh languor hung about his heart—his hands and feet were burning hot—he tried to ſpeak, but could not—his tongue was parched and dry—his brain was all on fire. Again he ſunk inſenſibly, ſtarting at intervals, in one of which he awoke as from a dream; his thoughts were all confuſed—he found he had neither power to act or think; he could not arrange a ſingle idea; and he confuſedly thought himſelf dying.

dying. At length the power of recollection, in part returned; and the firſt uſe he made of it was, to pull his bell. The bell, alas! brought no one to his aid—he tried to riſe, but could not—his head was much diſordered, giddy, full, and uneaſy; it dropped, as he exerted himſelf to riſe upon his pillow, from whence he found it impoſſible to diſengage it. He lay unable, without help, to move. Again he applied to the bell, but no ſuccour came to his relief—he once more tried to riſe—the ſmalleſt portion of returning vigour ſerved as a ſtimulus to exertion. He now began to form ſome idea where he was: the paſt occurrences of the Caſtle floated in his brain; the helpleſs, loſt, forlorn Mariena filled every thought; and with impatient hopes and wiſhes, he ſtrove to rally his exhauſted ſpirits, that his quick purſuit might gain

the hoped-for end; but his ſtrength, alas! was gone; the utmoſt of his power could ſcarcely forward in any degree the arduous work of riſing: the weight and giddineſs of his head—the ſqueamiſh ſtomach—and the enfeebled limbs—all made it a taſk next to impoſſibility to accompliſh. However, at length he worked himſelf by ſlow degrees out of the bed—he tried to ſtand, but could not; and yet the air, being now quite out of the influence of the heated atmoſphere of the bed, ſeemed to revive him—he breathed more freely—the giddineſs of his head abated—the ſickiſhneſs went off; and, after ſome little time, by the help of the curtains, he ſtood up: his knees, though weak, no longer trembled. He now recollected he had placed by his ſide his ſword and his piſtols, on Zoderiſki's quitting him; he looked upon the chair,

chair, but they were gone. Startled at this, and the total ſilence which reigned, though the light from the caſements proclaimed it mid-day, he next ſearched for the dagger which he had placed in his breaſt, but that was alſo gone. Rouſed by reflections, he knew not how to regulate—amazement ſhook his ſoul! Some foul black deeds, thought he, have here been acting. He now began to ſuppoſe they meant to kill him, and believed they had accompliſhed their intent; he ſearched for wounds, but found none, nor blood to colour his ſuſpicions; and yet his weakneſs, the deſertion of all his people, gave every foundation for the thought. He moved on, ſomething invigorated, to the foot of the bed, which gave him the command of the whole room. What was his conſternation, when he beheld drops of

blood in regular lines from the door to the oppoſite ſide of the bed from that whence he had riſen; the door and handle of the lock were alſo ſmeared with blood! Salvador looked wildly round—the door which he had faſtened was half thrown open, and ſpots of blood, quite dry, were here and there ſcattered thickly by the door-way. Thunderſtruck at ſigns ſo evident of blood and murder, Salvador gaſped for breath, and putting his back againſt the door-caſe for ſupport, his own figure, reflected in the oppoſite mirror, ſtruck him with terror—his viſage pale and wan—his night-cap ſtained with blood—the collar of his ſhirt diſcoloured in the ſame manner—his eyes hollow—his beard grown to a great length—all ſhowed the ſpace of time he muſt have lain inſenſible. The idea then firſt ſtruck him that

he

he muſt have taken ſome malignant ſoporific drug, infuſed, for the purpoſe, by Zoderiſki into his aliment. Shocked to the ſoul at this diſcovery, he endeavoured to recollect his ſcattered ſpirits, and involuntarily putting his hand into his waiſtcoat pocket, he found ſome ſtomachic lozenges; he felt a craving weakneſs at his ſtomach, and he put one of them into his mouth; he ſoon found himſelf recruited by this ſeaſonable relief, and, taking off his night-cap, he examined the horrid marks of blood which he doubted not was human. The four fingers and thumb were clearly viſible, as alſo the palm of the hand on the back part, which ſhowed ſigns of ſhaking his head, as he conjectured, to awaken him. He had by this time gathered ſtrength to walk pretty ſteadily to the caſement, which he opened.

The freſh and genial breeze reſtored him almoſt to himſelf, and getting to his trunk, he put on freſh linen; the bloody collar, as he looked upon it, made him ſhudder. "Thoſe I meet," ſays he, "with ſuch marks upon me, would take "me for a murderer." He waſhed his face and hands; and, thus refreſhed, he ſlowly, and not without great apprehenſion and perturbation, iſſued forth, as he was well aſſured to meet new horrors, which perhaps, in his weak ſtate, he ſhould be obliged to contend with. The long gallery, which afforded a communication with all the bed-chambers on that wing of the Caſtle, led to the great ſtaircaſe, up which he had followed Zoderiſki on his way to bed, the night he arrived at the Caſtle. Along this gallery he ſlowly and with uneven ſteps moved forward, when, turning

turning to deſcend the ſtairs, the firſt object that preſented itſelf was a body on its face lying dead acroſs his way: ſtreams of blood had iſſued from the wounds down the whole flight of ſtairs, though now dried up; the clothes and ſize declared the corpſe to be the body of Zoderiſki. Salvador's ſtrength was not ſufficient to turn the body over to ſee the face, but yet he had no doubt of his being right in his conjecture of the perſon; he paſſed the corpſe, and made his way to the great hall. Through all the lower rooms no living ſoul was ſeen, and each apartment bore marks of bloodſhed and confuſion. The ſcene of horror was acted in the night, for all the doors and windows were faſt locked and barred; the only light was from the holes, cut purpoſely in the ſhutters: by this he found his way. Some,

as

as he went along, he unbarred, and ſaw the courts deſerted; the great gates were locked—all ſeemed forſaken—the crowds he had ſeen on entering, were vaniſhed—all was ſtill and ſilent as the night. He traverſed the whole apartments, which he judged from his obſervations were the great reception rooms; he then deſcended to that part of the Caſtle which was occupied by the domeſtics. After groping his way through long and narrow paſſages, he came to a ſpacious hall, where, to his utter aſtoniſhment, he ſaw tied neck and heels to a large marble table, which was fixed to the wall, three male and two female ſervants juſt gaſping their laſt breath, and almoſt naked. Hardly able to ſupport himſelf from weakneſs and diſmay, he ſtaggered to a chair, and looking wildly round, he aſked the dying wretches, what

meant

meant theſe horrid ſights? Three of the five turned their heavy languid eyes upon him, but could not articulate; the other two ſeemed quite inſenſible. The eager hopes of Salvador to aſſiſt a fellow-creature made him for the moment forget his own weakneſs and inability, and getting up too quickly for his ſtrength, he reeled againſt a door and fell. Stunned with the fall, though not much hurt, he made no effort to ariſe. The dying wretches again turned their eyes upon him, as if to ſay, their only hope of ſuccour now was fled. Rouzed again by charity and benevolence, he uſed every exertion to adminiſter, if poſſible, ſome aid to ſave their lives; and looking around to ſee if any thing like food or water lay upon the ſhelves and tables that were every where about, he moved to the bottom of the hall, attracted

tracted by a jug and glaſſes, in which he thought he ſaw ſome wine. Moſt happily he found himſelf not deceived: a bottle and a ſcrew lay alſo on the ground, and on another table he found a loaf of bread. Joy beamed on the worthy ſoul of Salvador, and quick as his feeble ſtate admitted, he adminiſtered to the dying: with three of the five he was ſucceſsful in recalling them to life, but two were gone for ever.

Salvador, ſo much was he prepoſſeſſed with the idea that Zoderiſki had infuſed ſome direful drug into the aliment he took, feared to touch any thing he ſaw; yet hunger preſſing on him, he took a bit of bread ſoaked in the wine; and though the quantity was ſmall which he could get down, it diffuſed a general warmth through his frame: the blood flowed quicker through his veins—nature ſeemed reſtored—

his

his limbs no longer refuſed their office. By degrees the men were ſoon ſo much reſtored, that, after long-drawn ſighs, they found their ſpeech, and feebly cried, "God bleſs my Lord!" Charmed with the ſound of human voice, Salvador impatiently aſked them, what meant all he witneſſed? why were they tied? by whom? and what were the cauſes of the horrid ſights that every where aſſailed him?

"Alas! my Lord," faintly replied the ſtrongeſt, "we know not." Another with much difficulty uttered, "Zoderiſki, Zoderiſki, that villain Zoderiſki!"

"Speak, ſpeak, my honeſt friend," ſaid Salvador, and tell me all you know: where are my people, my faithful worthy followers?—tell me quick, are they too butchered?"

"Alas!

"Alas! my Lord, we know not; but rouzed by a tumult, after we had been in bed, we ran affrighted into the hall, where we found Zoderiſki and ſix ſtrange men, who tied us with the unfortunate women whom fright and curioſity drew alſo to the hall; they have paid the forfeit of their lives; we owe ours to our noble Lord."

"Saw you nothing after you were tied?"

"Nothing," my Lord. "We heard ſtrange riot, groans, and repeated knockings, and men running here and there in ſad confuſion; but nobody entered here. After the noiſe abated, we heard the doors locking, and concluded the victors fled; but where, my Lord, where were you?"

"Locked in the arms of ſleep, ſo deep and ſo profound, I do ſuppoſe they thought me dead alſo."

"Thank

"Thank God, our noble Lord has eſcaped; but where is the Baron your father?"

"Where!" ſaid Salvador, "at Berlin, I do ſuppoſe."

"Alas! no," ſaid one of the men, "he has been at Leichenſtein for ſome weeks, and much, I fear, has been murdered alſo."

Salvador ſtarted at the news, his blood ran cold. "My father at the Caſtle theſe ſome weeks—."

"Yes, my noble Lord," anſwered the three, "he has indeed; he very often viſits Leichenſtein of late."

"Who were the men who helped to tie you?"

"We know not," they replied: "their faces were blackened."

"So

"So were thoſe," thought Salvador, "who carried off the helpleſs Mariena."

The men beſeeched his mercy, and in pity begged he would untie them.

"Yes, ſaid Salvador, I ſhall untie you; I truſt myſelf to your honour: all I ſee and hear is wonderful and myſterious. Should you prove inimical to my intereſt, you may teach me to repeat my raſhneſs."

They all bound themſelves by a ſolemn oath to ſerve him, and by their faithful conduct hoped to merit his future favour.

Should you prove worthy, ſaid Salvador, I promiſe to reward you.

When they were let looſe, they directed him to their rooms, where he would find ſome bed-clothes; they themſelves were unable to move, ſore and ſtiff with cold.

Salvador

Salvador therefore made them up a temporary bed, ſupplied more wine and bread, and left them to recruit their ſtrength and ſpirits.

Recovered a little from the tempeſt of mind into which ſo many ſtrange events had thrown him, by his benevolent acts beſtowed upon the unfortunate men whoſe lives he had ſaved, he reſolved to ſearch the Caſtle. An awful ſilence reigned, through all the narrow windings of this vaſt building. Salvador found his way, and coming to a ſteep and narrow ſtaircaſe, he aſcended: by its being circular and prodigious high, he concluded it led to the top of one of the round towers, and thither, notwithſtanding the labour, he reſolved to get; his heart prompted him to leave no cell, no corner of the Caſtle unexplored. As he reſted now and then, for ſtill he was but

but faint, he thought he ſaw a door compoſed of iron bars; he felt and was convinced; he ſhook it, and it opened through a ſmall opening in the wall, which ſerved in former days to ſpy the enemy, and fire occaſionally on him: a gleam of light appeared, juſt ſufficient to ſhew the horrors of the place: damp, cold and high-vaulted was this horrid room, and from the door it was evidently meant to be a priſon. In groping round it, a couch, a table, and a chair, all falling to decay, confirmed the idea. A chilling cold ſtruck to his heart, as he contemplated all the horrors of impriſonment. Unhappy victim, whoe'er you are that have been doomed here to drag out your wretched exiſtence, Salvador commiſerates the ſufferings you have known!

Several

Several circumſtances bore teſtimony that a late inhabitant had experienced the bitterneſs of this gloomy abode. His fancy drew the picture of Captivity, waſted and pale, ſtretched on a ſqualled couch, torn and lacerated by the remembrance of happier days, mourning ſome dear loſt friends, a wife, a huſband, children, lover—perhaps the prime of life waſting away in all the comfortleſs wretchedneſs of ſuch a hole, deprived of the light of heaven, bereft of all, even hope flies from the woe-worn captive—with every good he loſes hope, that nouriſher and ſupporter of blighted man. Slowly he deſcended the winding ſtairs, abſorbed in reflections on ſavage man, who finds ſo many ways to torture his fellow-creature.

Salvador's virtues were always ready to operate; in his nature there was nothing

ſavage

ſavage or tyrannic; and the firm belief he had of ſome perſons being oppreſſed within the walls of the caſtle of Leichenſtein, whom he might poſſibly have the good fortune to relieve, determined him not to ſlacken in his undertaking. He again made his way to the hall, where he found the men had fallen into a profound ſleep. Pleaſed with the hope of their ſpeedy reſtoration, now nature ſeemed to favour them ſo much, he once more aſcended the great ſtair caſe, and examined minutely every chamber. All was quiet, nor had any the appearance of having been lately occupied: he found no blood up ſtairs, except in leading to his own chamber, which confirmed him in the belief that Hartly, in coming to his chamber with the intended ſummons, killed Zoderiſki, to ſave Salvador's life

or

or his own. With theſe thoughts, ſuppoſing he had examined all that part of the caſtle, he was returning back, when the ſetting ſun threw from the weſt a bright tinge of crimſon on an oppoſite wall, and diſcovered to Salvador's view a ſmall door: he advanced to it, and opening it, he found himſelf in a narrow paſſage. Walking on to the end it, led him to a winding ſtaircaſe, ſimilar to that in the other wing of the caſtle: he ſlowly and deliberately mounted the ſteps, ſteep and difficult of acceſs; by degrees however, and reſting now and then, he had nearly gained the top, when he heard a ſhriek, as coming from above. He ſtarted—the blood roſe to his cheek—his whole ſoul expanded with the hope of bringing comfort to ſome wretched being: he no longer felt pain or wearineſs—he ruſhed forward,

and when at the top he ſtopped to liſten: He heard a heavy ſigh, and following the ſound, he groped his way until he got quite near. He called—a female voice, tremulous and feeble, aſked who was there? "A friend," replied Salvador, "come to give you ſuccour and relief."——"You mock me, ſure," replied the captive; "I fear there are none who poſſeſs the power but Leichenſtein: the voice I hear reſembles his; yet the ſoft cadences of yours deny relationſhip with him whoſe ſoul ne'er felt the ſofter virtues, whoſe heart's ſo ſteeled he knows nor pity nor compaſſion; his mind ferocious, though his manners poliſhed; cool and crafty, when there's need to cover his black deſigns; but when the hapleſs victim is in his power——ſpeak not of tygers, wolves, or ravening bears; when compared to Leichenſtein, they are bleating lambs."

"Merciful

"Merciful Heaven!" ſighed Salvador.

"Oh!" ſaid the captive, "whoe'er thou art, fly from this curſt abode; if you belong not to the caſtle, uſe your utmoſt ſpeed to quit it. Should Leichenſtein return, he'll add you to the number of wretched beings doomed to die by inches to gratify his furious paſſions."

"Alas! alas!" ſighed Salvador.

"My days are now approaching to their end," continued the feeble voice; "I truſt I have made my peace with Heaven, and hourly pray to be releaſed, not ſo much from priſon, as from the power of that moſt horrid monſter."

"Oh! tell me, tell me," convulſively ſaid Salvador, "what name you bear."

"My name?" replied the captive—"why ſhould you aſk it? it is ſo long ſince I have repeated it, I ſcarce can turn my voice to what I once was proud of."

"Your country then, fair captive?"

"France," the voice replied, "and De Salenci that name which once I honoured, but now, O God! how ſtained!"

"I have every wiſh to ſet you free," ſaid Salvador: "there is nothing to prevent it, if we can force the door."

"It is of iron, and ſo ſtrong," replied the voice, "that Leichenſtein has often ſaid no force could maſter it. My thanks are due, kind ſtranger, but I have no wiſh of bringing on you trouble by my releaſe, when now a few ſhort days muſt give the long hoped-for reſt, and put a period to my woes."

"It is our duty," ſaid Salvador, "to prolong that life, the power over which is by the Almighty withheld from man."

"True," replied the captive; "I have with reſignation to his divine will patiently ſubmitted to years of miſery; it is not ſinful, ſure, to feel a pleaſure at their cloſe."

"Suffer

"Suffer me, however," ſaid Salvador, to lead you hence."

"The difficulty is greater than you think," rejoined ſhe: "ſuppoſing that my priſon door was open, I am ſo feeble from illneſs and confinement, I cannot ſtand; how then could I eſcape? Zoderiſki keeps the key; none but he and Leichenſtein could ſet me free, and then"—

"Does he indeed?" impatiently aſked Salvador—"I'll ſoon be with you."

He hurried down ſtairs, totally forgetting his own great weakneſs, and coming to the corpſe of Zoderiſki, endeavoured to turn it to get at his pockets. The declivity of the ſtairs helped him much; for on the firſt movement of the body it rolled quite down to the bottom: he then moſt anxiouſly ſearched for the keys; he found a bundle, and joyful of his prize he haſtened on;

Salvador thought it was now high time for exertion, though he did not wiſh to kill them; but, ſeeing the whole body move, he fired, and dropped one; he fired again, and then another fell. He had a reſerve of pocket-piſtols; but a ſhouting below of, "My Lord, my Lord! we are coming to your aid," ſent the four remaining villains on a quick march, and left Salvador maſter of the field. The idea of its being his people coming to his aſſiſtance, filled Salvador with joy, for he felt great uneaſineſs at their abſence; but, to his unſpeakable mortification, he found it was the three poor men, who hearing the report of the piſtols, had crawled from their bed, and, as they could give no real aſſiſtance, they exerted their voices to intimidate the aſſailants, which had the deſired effect: it terrified the hirelings, and

and very opportunely relieved Salvador, who, recharging his piſtols, kept himſelf in a ſtate of defence. After ſome little time he bethought him of the unhappy captive in her lone priſon, the reſidence of deſolation and deſpair: his heart melted at her ſufferings—an hour or two more, and he would have conveyed her outſide the caſtle, and then——why then he would have relied on Providence for the reſt. He reflected on what was beſt to be done. There were ſtill four aſſaſſins in the Caſtle, and there might be many more; he was ſenſible that at every turning he was liable to meet a wretch with orders to arreſt, if not aſſaſſinate him. He felt himſelf a coward where eternal impriſonment would be the conſequence; and yet nature's ſweeteſt offspring of the heart, Senſibility, thou pureſt eſſence of the ſoul, filled the

breaſt of Salvador with the tranſporting delight of reſcuing a child of miſery fallen into calamity, which perhaps ſhe not ſo ſeverely merited as experienced.

A confuſed ſound of voices and buzzing noiſe once more brought the hope of Salvador's own people being arrived; the noiſe encreaſed—drew nearer and nearer—a number of voices proclaimed a multitude of people. Salvador again placed himſelf againſt the wall; and the three men crawled up the ſtairs, to give him what aſſiſtance they were able: he ranged them on a line with himſelf, and giving each a piſtol, all ſtanding on the defenſive, this little band, encouraged by their noble chief, made ready for battle. One was appointed to load the pieces as they were diſcharged; and, had they had ſufficient ammunition, ſuch was their advantageous

ſituation,

ſituation, that they could have repelled numbers far exceeding their own. The throng entered the great hall with noiſe and buſtle: Salvador called with a clear and ſteady voice, "Who's there? friends or foes to the Baron Montbelliard?" "Friends," exclaimed a voice in Engliſh; and inſtantly the worthy Hartly flew like lightning up the ſtairs, followed by the faithful Swiſs, and, in an ecſtaſy for his ſafety, caſt themſelves at the feet of Salvador. From their uplifted eyes and eloquent ſilence, he ſaw the workings of their ſouls in joy for his eſcape. "Oh! where," ſaid Salvador with ſoftneſs, "where have you been ſo long?"

"The tale is long to tell, my lord and maſter," anſwered Hartly, "and time is very precious—the day is nearly at a cloſe, and truſt me there is no ſafety for my noble

maſter here. When we conduct you in ſafety to Montbelliard, there, with your leave, we will explain it all."

"My father—know you aught of him?"

"We fear he is near the Caſtle."

"How near?" demanded Salvador.

"Not many leagues," they replied.

"Then follow me, and execute my orders—quick—are my horſes ready?"

"All ready for my Lord's eſcape."

Up to the priſon of wretchedneſs then he led his brave fellows, and after a little difficulty the door was opened. The cloſe and ſtagnant air was dreadful—the hole would ſcarcely hold a ſecond perſon.

"Come, dear Madam," ſaid Salvador, I "have brought aſſiſtance, and you may depend on everycomfort being procured you."

"Kind ſtranger," ſaid the captive, "you have all my thanks—more I have not to give."

Hartly

Hartly and the Swiſs raiſed up her feeble frame half-dead; and, on their united hands and arms, they carried her down ſtairs, but avoided taking her where the dead bodies lay. As quietly as they could they put her into a carriage that was in waiting, in which they placed ſome blankets and pillows, by which ſhe was ſupported: a large body of Salvador's people, collected together by Hartly and the Swiſs, were in the court, well armed; they inſtantly mounted, and ſcoured along, making all poſſible expedition to the Caſtle of Montbelliard. The unhappy lady fainted two or three times; and Salvador was terrified leſt the air, to which ſhe had been ſo long unuſed, with the quick motion of the carriage, might put a period to her unhappy fate, in which he found himſelf ſo ſtrongly intereſted. A

thouſand

thouſand hopes and fears aſſailed him: joy that he had reſcued her fluſhed his cheek; and hope, that nouriſher of life, reanimated his ſpirits, and he looked forward to the complete re-eſtabliſhment of the health of the unfortunate unknown, under the kind influence and care of the amiable women he was going to place her with. Wholly unable to converſe, ſhe patiently and quietly bore, without complaint, her ſufferings, painful, no doubt, thoſe of her body from the fatigue ſhe was undergoing, for they were neceſſitated to drive at an uncommon pace, and relays of horſes gave them not a moment's reſpite. Salvador ſaw enough at the Caſtle to induce him to believe the moſt diabolical ſchemes were in agitation againſt him: that the author was the Baron his father, he had not a ſhadow of doubt; and though

his

his curioſity was wrought up to a high pitch, he yet forbore to queſtion his ſervants until the ſafety of his Caſtle allowed a proper opportunity to learn the whole of ſuch extraordinary proceedings. Mariena often croſſed his thoughts—the Baron, his father, had been for ſome weeks at his Caſtle of Leichenſtein. Could it be poſſible? Yet no—he could not be the violator of——he could not have been the depredator that tore away Mariena alſo.

Corroding grief preyed on his heart: he gave way to the moſt agonizing reflections—his father's crimes ſhook every nerve of the virtuous Salvador; prepared as he was by a ſeries of grief not to tremble at any acceſſion of it, yet ſtill his feelings were ſhocked and lacerated: his father, the author of his being, ſo depraved—ſo loſt to every ſenſe of ſhame—ſo devoid of all principle

principle——Oh! it was too much! He dreaded, yet wiſhed to know the ſtory of the unhappy ſufferer, fearful that he was ſtill to learn ſomething of villainy unheard of, unpractiſed, except by a father.

The light of early day now dawned her firſt gleam upon the fragrant earth; a paſſing gentle ſhower called forth all its ſweets, and tipped the balmy herbs, and flowers, and graſs, with gliſtening dew. As the faint light grew ſtronger, he let down the glaſs to inhale the ſweets of the bluſhing morn; the refreſhing air revived his blighted companion, and ſhe turned her hollow eyes on Salvador. The duſky darkneſs of the evening when they left Leichenſtein prevented Salvador's clearly ſeeing her before; not all her cruel ſufferings, ſickneſs, and neglect of dreſs—not all the dirt and ſqualid appearance of

years

years of wretchedneſs could obſcure the native beauty and elegance of feature poſſeſſed by this unhappy mourner: that form and face, ſo torn by the tempeſtuous ſtorms of life, might have had power, were there the leaſt trait of humanity or ſenſibility in his mind, to turn that fell monſter from his purpoſes of ill. "Oh! Heavens!" cried Salvador, "and could my father, the huſband of my bleſſed mother, could he have been the inſtrument of cruelty to ſuch a tender bloſſom? Could he have blaſted this fair bud in its early ſpring, and doomed it to a dungeon?"

She faintly aſked him, "When would their journey end?" He anſwered, "they had not more than three leagues to paſs, ere he would have the happineſs of placing her in ſafety in his Caſtle, where ſhe would have two of the moſt worthy beings

beings of her own ſex to ſoothe her mind, and ſoften the bodily pains ſhe ſuffered, with every care and help ſo far remote a ſituation could afford."

"How kind—how good—how generous"—heaving a ſigh, ſaid ſhe, "is your protection! From the deep receſſes of a broken heart, I thank you; and ſhould thy unlooked-for care preſerve my life a few months longer, my days and nights ſhall paſs in prayer for the ſafety of one whoſe humanity and pity already teach me he ranks in a ſphere much beyond the generality of mankind: and when you ſhall know the unhappy ſtory of my life, a tear will fall—a throb of ſenſibility will riſe for this poor withered ſtock—torn from its native ſoil—from a father—lover—friend; all dear beyond expreſſion, and tranſplanted to a foreign clime, to wither, droop,

droop, and die. The fell tyrant, like the ruthleſs tempeſt that ſpoils and heads the blooming flowers in their prime, tore me from peace, from happineſs and love; juſt as the opening years of promiſed joy ſhewed me the goods in ſtore, to which I looked with thankfulneſs and delight. Cropped, lopped, and ſpoiled, I ſunk from real bliſs to all the horrors too great for your gentle breaſt to conceive; and when his curſt infatiate paſſion had ſunk me to the duſt, fear of purſuit and vengeance of thoſe he ſo greatly wronged, coming upon him, he threw me into priſon, where I have lain years much paſt my reckoning.

Here ſhe grew faint—her feelings rouzed—ſhe gained ſtrength for exertion ſhe could not long ſupport—ſhe drooped her head, and fainted.

Alarmed

Alarmed by the fear of her being gone for ever, he called for Hartly, and ordered the men to ſtop.

"For Heaven's ſake," my Lord, ſaid Hartly, "ſtop not a moment; the Baron your father is in quick purſuit: we met a faithful agent, juſt as we reached Leichenſtein, to warn us of his being near. He has iſſued orders and large rewards for your apprehenſion; and your beſt friend, my Lord, the worthy Dermandoft, has come to a knowledge of his intentions of throwing you into priſon; and if we do not get you ſafe within your caſtle, our noble Lord may be removed where his faithful vaſſals cannot aſſiſt and ſave him. But within the walls of Montbelliard, we can defy the force of thouſands; Madame Lindorn is getting all into ſuch a ſtate of defence, that once within the courts, we ſhall

ſhall no longer dread the power of the Baron.

The carriage was all this time going at a furious rate, and Hartly holding the window and galloping by the ſide. "Now," ſaid the brave Hartly, looking up, "thank God, I ſee the Caſtle battlements; ſpare not the horſes," ſaid he to the poſt-boys, "urge them to their utmoſt ſpeed." Juſt at that time they ſaw ſome horſemen galloping down a hill, and reaching a vale between them they had juſt quitted. "By Heavens," exclaimed the Swiſs, "here are a party in purſuit of us: drive on, my lads, and we will face about." The boys with whip and ſpur galloped on—the fleet horſes hardly ſeemed to touch the ground; a faithful band waited the purſuers, headed by the Swiſs, and Hartly followed the carriage of his Lord. The diſtant

diſtant ſound of firing alarmed them all; but gaining the drawbridge, the portcullis was quickly let down, and, when Salvador paſſed, as quickly again drawn up, and a guard left to let it down immediately on the appearance of their own people. Hartly, and twenty horſemen, freſh and well armed, ſcoured back to the aſſiſtance of their comrades, when the Baron's people, on ſeeing a reinforcement, turned their backs and fled.

Oh! what an adamantine heart, impenetrable to the ſhaft of woe, muſt that man have, who thus purſues his only offſpring, fouls him to the world with crimes he would ſicken but to think of, and meditates a deep and deadly manſion for his ſucceeding days. The brain of Salvador burned—his ſenſes fled—his virtuous ſoul received a ſhock too powerful

erful for his mental faculties to ſuſtain, and, as his watchful careful friend had reached the porch, to welcome him with a heart ſincere and overjoyed at his approach, the hapleſs Salvador had ſunk in piteous inanity and delirium; his eyes rolled wildly, his pallid looks and unſhaved beard ſtruck horror into the heart of Madame Lindorn. The ſpectre by his ſide, who ſtill remained ſo faint, ſo low, ſhe had not power to utter a word, ſeemed juſt riſen from her dire grave, where warning Salvador to follow, he ſeemed juſt ready to attend.

Mute with aſtoniſhment and grief, ſhe ſtood a moment unable to collect her ſcattered ſenſes, when coming to herſelf, ſhe had the hapleſs ſpectacles of woe brought into the Caſtle, where every aid was quickly ſupplied.

« Merciful

"Merciful Heaven!" cried Madame Lindorn, "is this the ſtate to which our amiable Lord is reduced?" They laid him on a couch: the old ſurgeon of the Caſtle, to whom the late Baron had left a handſome penſion, and who had long lived an inhabitant of the Caſtle, was quickly ſummoned; a man of ſenſe and judgment, with a large ſhare of profeſſional knowledge.

Madame Lindorn watched his eye, as he felt the pulſe, and traverſed the pale countenance of Salvador: ſhe ſaw nothing in his manner to alarm her. "We ſhall get my Lord, Madame, to bed," ſaid he, "when his gentleman ſhaves his face and head: ſome little nouriſhment is greatly wanting to reſtore his ſtrength: a bliſter on his head, I hope, will do the reſt." "God grant it!" ſighed

ſighed all around, "God grant it!" while all with grief viewed their loved Lord, and dropped the tear of ſorrow, ſending up at the ſame time the prayer ſincere for his recovery.

The ſurgeon now turned all his attention to the ſtranger: proper nouriſhment was adminiſtered—a warm bed—clean linen—comforts which, for years ſhe had not known, ſeemed to reſtore her. Madame Leſac was appointed to give her every attention, while Madame Lindorn and Hartly never for a moment left Salvador, about whom there was nothing of the gloomy ferociouſneſs of a lunatic; he was quiet and very manageable—the diſeaſe was more in his heart than head. From too exquiſite feelings his diſorder aroſe; and, as the nervous ſyſtem returned to its wonted tone, the affection of the

brain ſubſided, and, to the unſpeakable joy of every inhabitant of the Caſtle, the tenth day after his arrival reſtored him to a perfect ſtate of health.

## CHAP. II.

When the ſavage monſter
Raiſes the arm of vengeance
Againſt an only ſon, Humanity
Hears of the deed, and ſhudders.

MARIENA had walked out with her friend Mademoiſelle de la Straede. "Now, my love," ſaid the Lady Abbeſs, addreſſing Mariena, as ſhe quitted the parlour, "I hope you will not take too long a walk; Mademoiſelle de la Straede, you know, is rather delicate."

"We

"We ſhall certainly be back in an hour, dear Madam," ſaid Mariena, tripping it away with her fair friend.

The evening was warm, and they choſe a ſhady walk which wound around the monaſtery; their ſpirits were elevated: youth, aided by innocence and content, ſent them laughing to a greater diſtance than they intended. Mademoiſelle felt tired, and they ſat down under the ſhade of a venerable tree; love was their topic, and Salvador the theme. In the moment of delight, counting over his numerous perfections, they were ſurpriſed by a man well dreſſed, of genteel manners, but a moſt penetrating and forbidding countenance, walking up to them.

"Have you not," ſaid he, "ladies, been frightened by the appearance of ſix men with faces blackened, who croſſed this path not ten minutes ſince?"

" No," ſaid Mademoiſelle de la Straede, " we have ſeen no ſuch people; but let us, Mariena, my love, return directly to the monaſtery: how very incautious to wander ſo far!"

" Suffer me to conduct you," ſaid the Stranger: " if you fall into the hands of thoſe ferocious ruffians, the conſequences may be fatal; and though my ſingle arm could give but little aid againſt the united force of ſix, yet ſtill I may be ſome protection to you." Scarcely were theſe words pronounced, when thoſe dreaded villains leaped out of an encloſure. The Stranger demanded what they wanted? " One of theſe pretty ladies," ſaid the foremoſt of them, " whom you, I preſume, will not be ſo hardy as to attempt to defend; for, if you do, by all the powers above, we ſhall cut you in pieces, to ſave the-

the firſt hungry wolf, that ſhall ſmell you out, the trouble of disjointing you!" The Stranger turned to Mademoiſelle de la Straede, which leaving Mariena unprotected, two of the ruffians, covered by the reſt of the gang, forcibly, with a loud ſhout, carried her off. At that moment a carriage drove up, in which they placed her; and in an inſtant it was out of ſight. Mademoiſelle de la Straede ſtarted from the ſide of the Stranger, and ſtanding in an attitude of agony and terror, ſeemed to deprecate his mercy; but, totally deprived of ſpeech, ſhe could not plead otherwiſe than by looks.

"Fear not," ſaid the Stranger; "it plainly appears they have got the perſon they ſought: I conceive you have no juſt cauſe of alarm for yourſelf; leſt, however there may be any danger, permit me to

beſeech you to make haſte to gain the monaſtery: though I have not been able to ſave your friend, I may be more fortunate in proving ſome ſafe-guard to you." More dead than alive, ſhe was unable to move; and taking her by the arm, he hurried her on till ſhe was quite exhauſted by fright and fatigue: he then placed her on the trunk of a tree—told her ſhe was now near the monaſtery, and that he would ſend ſomebody to her relief, as ſhe was now out of danger, and that he was in a vaſt hurry to reach Dermanhort on very urgent buſineſs. Away he fled, and left Mademoiſelle de la Straede to recover herſelf how ſhe could; for, inſtead of making to the monaſtery, he directed his courſe the contrary way: however, as ſoon as her recovered ſpirits enabled her to move, ſhe haſtened thither with all the exertion in her power, and

there

there diſcloſed her ſad and melancholy tale.

All hearts ſympathized in the ſorrow of Mademoiſelle de la Straede, for all were partial to Mariena; but none felt the blow ſo deeply as the Lady Abbeſs: almoſt a mother's fondneſs filled the boſom of this excellent lady for Mariena—tears rolled down her cheeks, and ſorrow filled her ſoul. In real tribulation and deſpair, ſhe inſtantly ſat down to write to Salvador; and gave orders for an expreſs to be ready by the firſt gleam of light the following day, to go with the utmoſt expedition to the Caſtle of Montbelliard. The expreſs, who was not urged by love for Mariena, or any feeling but for himſelf, arrived not there until the tenth day; when Madame Lindorn, hearing how many days he had been upon the road, and knowing the

mental uneaſineſs that diſordered Salvador ſo much, ſhe thought the reſcue of Mariena would be more facilitated by Salvador's gaining a good night's reſt, by which he would be the better able, from health of body, to exert himſelf in the purſuit, than by ſetting out he knew not where at a late hour in the evening, and running the riſk of being laid up by illneſs, which would eventually retard the wiſhed-for end.

In the mean time poor Mariena was driven ſhe knew not where; night and day ſhe travelled through dreary foreſts, over dread mountains, and lonely vales: at length ſhe arrived at a caſtle, where ſhe was received by an elderly lady, and ſhewn into apartments allotted for her uſe. They were elegantly furniſhed with every article that luxury could invent; books, muſical inſtruments, and a wardrobe of moſt elegant articles

articles for dreſs. As the officious female was diſplaying all this grandeur, Mariena aſked, was it for her all this magnificence was prepared? The lady anſwered, "Yes." And who, pray," ſaid Mariena, "is the perſon who has taken ſo much trouble?"

"My Lord," ſaid the lady, "wiſhes to announce himſelf; he will wait upon you directly; but firſt he hopes you will take ſome refreſhment, of which you muſt ſtand ſo much in need."

Servants entered with a table elegantly ſerved, covered with delicious viands; hunger preſſed ſore, and Mariena ſat down to eat, but allayed her thirſt with pure water: ſhe could be prevailed upon to take no other liquid of any kind.

When her repaſt was ended, and the table again removed, ſhe ſat down to ru-

minate on the ſad viciſſitudes of her life. Salvador, the beloved and adored Salvador, filled her whole ſoul—her kind—her dear—her only friend, without him the round of life was dull and unmeaning; and if ſhe was no more to behold him, the ſleep of death would bring no horrors to her: but forced twice from a ſafe retreat, without knowing why, fearful that each ſucceeding moment ſhould bring with it ſome new ſcene of trouble and diſtreſs, ſhe ſickened of life, and thought that, could ſhe go off and leave this uneven world, conſcious that ſhe was beloved by Salvador, ſhe would welcome death as the dear harbinger of repoſe. Innocent of ill, even in thought, ſhe looked forward to a better world, as the goal where ſhe would arrive at that happineſs, ſhe was but too ſenſible ſhe would never meet in this; and, with patient

patient reſignation, await the diſpenſations of that Divine Providence, who, in her priſon in England, ſent a protector to ſave her from death and ruin. Then with a heart overflowing with gratitude, and the moſt confident reliance on the Almighty's will, falling on her knees, "While theſe lips," ſaid ſhe, "can utter, and this heart can dictate, my morning and evening prayer to the throne of mercy ſhall be unceaſingly offered up for the happineſs and proſperity of Salvador! O God of Mercy, pour thy divine bleſſings on the noble and the virtuous Salvador!"

Juſt as ſhe loudly and with fervour repeated the name of Salvador, the door opened, and, ſpringing from her knees, ſhe beheld a tall and graceful figure advancing towards her: his face was uncommonly handſome; and the whole character

of his countenance ſtruck her with a ſtrong likeneſs to Salvador. He ſlowly advanced, and taking her hand with mild dignity, he hoped ſhe felt herſelf recovered from her fatigue.

" Oh! yes," ſaid Mariena, the child of nature, " I am quite recovered; but tell me why I am brought here; why taken from the good and virtuous Lady Abbeſs, and all my kind friends?" Then again falling on her knees, ſhe beſought, in the moſt imploring manner, that he would immediately ſend her back; for until ſhe was again ſafe in the monaſtery, ſhe ſhould know no peace.

The Baron of Leichenſtein, for it was no other, hung over her, enamoured, enraptured with the beauty of her perſon, flushed by the journey, and animated with hope! every charm, every grace ſhe from nature

nature poſſeſſed, ſhone forth with redoubled force. A looſe ſtraw-coloured robe tied round the waſte with a lilac ribband, a ſtraw hat tied under her chin with the ſame colour—her hair, in all the beauty of luxuriant profuſion, broke from the confinement of the hat in light ringlets over her beauteous face, careleſsly flowed on her ivory neck and down her ſhoulders; and gave ſuch an air of Arcadian lovelineſs to her youthful form, that the Baron felt a degree of paſſion for her, to which all he had ever experienced before ſeemed only the tranſient liking of a boy that died away before half formed. Loſt in the tumult of the wildeſt love, he gazed upon her impaſſioned, and ſeizing her hand and preſſing it to his heart, "Beauteous Mariena!" ſaid he, "the protection you aſk is granted, you may reſt

reſt ſatisfied and contented; your every wiſh, your every deſire, ſhall be gratified."

"My firſt requeſt then," ſaid the artleſs maid, "is to be returned in ſafety to my convent; my next, is to be informed why I was taken from it."

"You ſhall return to your beloved convent," replied the Baron, "in a few days: why you were taken from it muſt remain a ſecret till you quit this caſtle; over your fate hangs a myſtery, which ere long will be developed: you are come here to meet your friends and family."

As he ſaid this, and held her hand, every fibre trembled; he hung over her loſt in ecſtaſy, and rivetting his eyes upon her lovely face, he ſcarcely could repreſs the guilty impulſe of his ſoul, to claſp her to his heart.

Artleſs

Artleſs and conſtitutionally innocent, no groſs idea ever entered the heart of Mariena; yet ſhe poſſeſſed an underſtanding clear and diſcerning: and though ſhe was a ſtranger to the wild looks and addreſs of the Baron, ſhe nevertheleſs ſhrunk from his impaſſioned gaze, and felt ſo uneaſy that ſhe would have given worlds never to have ſeen him more.

"The tale you tell me," ſaid ſhe, withdrawing her hand from his eager graſp, "is incongruous, reaſon cannot reconcile the improbability of it: if I was brought hither to meet my friends and family, ſix ruffians would not have been hired to force me from my kind protectors.

"I promiſe you," ſaid the wily Baron, "every thing that now appears incongruous will very ſhortly bear the form not only of probability, but you will be convinced

vinced of the abſolute neceſſity of thoſe meaſures, however at preſent diſpleaſing; and you will acknowledge the man before you to be one of your beſt friends, who is miſerable that he cannot be, ſtrictly conſiſtent with his honour, more explicit."

Mariena, at the word honour, heaved an involuntary ſigh, which made the Baron ſtart——" So much youth, and ſuch apparent ſimplicity, and yet ſo much penetration; this, in good faith, is incongruous," thought the Baron.

Mariena was at a loſs what meaning to affix to the Baron's words: ſhe diſbelieved the whole of what he had told her—the too warm preſſure of her hand—his eager gaze—too plainly aſſured her one thing at leaſt he had uttered muſt be falſe—he never could be her friend.

Thinking

Thinking her totally in his power, he did not ſuppoſe it neceſſary long to keep on the maſk; yet he reſolved a day or two ſhould paſs ere he diſcloſed too much: he left her therefore for the preſent, and ſent the lady who had been with her before, well tutored in what ſhe ſhould and what ſhe ſhould not ſay. The name he adopted to Mariena was Lamballe: his being the father of Salvador he thought would not increaſe her admiration of him; yet he thought, if the pureſt paſſion that ever warmed the heart of man, if all the pleaſure and luxury his fortune could beſtow, might touch her heart, he would be ſucceſsful. But the Baron reaſoned without his hoſt: the heart of Mariena, even though it was untouched by love, could never claim kindred with ſuch as his; how much more, when ſolely given up to

all

all the refinement, all the moſt exquiſitely fine-drawn feelings of the pureſt, moſt romantic paſſion! All the perfections of human nature, combined in one poſſeſſing the beauty of the Apollo Belvedere, could not diſplace in the heart of Mariena the fond idea of the noble Salvador.

As the Baron traverſed a diſtant room, he reflected on the conduct of Mariena; he heard her repeat the name of Salvador on her knees. "Curſed boy!" exclaimed he, in a paroxyſm of rage—"curſed boy! how dare he croſs me thus? Much as I love this angelic maid, by Heaven, I would turn her out to graze among my flocks and herds—I would ſee her eat the graſs—chew the bark of trees for ſuſtenance—ere he ſhould enjoy one happy moment with her! Why was I blaſted with that horrid thing, a ſon?—would he had gotten the dregs

of

of that bleſſed doſe that eaſed me from the burden of his mother!" As he ſaid this, a groan was heard, as if deſcending on him from the ceiling, followed by three deep-drawn ſighs. The Baron's hair briſtled up, the damp as it were of death hung on his brow, and, ſinking into a chair, he heaved a heavy ſigh, and echoed back the groan.

## CHAP. III.

I think it is the weakneſs of mine eyes
That ſhapes this monſtrous apparition.

SHAKESPEARE.

MARIENA ſaw no more of the Baron for that night: fatigued both in body and mind, as ſoon as ſhe ſunk on her pillow, ſhe dropped into a profound and peaceful ſleep,

ſleep, which was undiſturbed. Conſcious innocence rocked the cradle where infantine purity repoſed, and early morning found Mariena refreſhed, pouring forth her prayers and praiſes to that great Being, to whom ſhe ever looked up for protection. Oh! how different were the ſenſations and occupations of Leichenſtein! haughty, proud, vindictive, and ferocious, poſſeſſed of an uncommon ſhare of perſonal courage, fear never aſſailed his heart: the idea of ſupernatural viſitations he ever ridiculed as the fancy of an over-heated diſturbed brain; and though the groan he had heard, froze his blood, he was far from ſuppoſing it proceeded from any ſupernatural cauſe. No: other dreads, far more alarming to the mind of the Baron, aſſailed him; he was convinced that the half of his own people were eſtranged from him, and

ſerved

ſerved but through fear: ſome few there were of this number, who he was conſcious looked on his atrocious deeds with ſuch horror, that they wanted but the opportunity of blazing them to the world; and if they could be but fairly entered into the ſervice of his ſon, they would make it a point of conſcience to diſcover acts, that black as was his heart, and vicious as were his principles, he ſhuddered but to think of. He had incautiouſly exclaimed the ſentence towards the cloſe of the laſt chapter, with a voice raiſed beyond his uſual key, and the groan too plainly proved he was heard by ſome of his domeſtics inimical to his intereſts. Zoderiſki was the only perſon privy to that dreadful ſecret; he did not even ſuſpect that any human being had the ſlighteſt idea of it. What then were his ſenſations,

tions, when he had, in the moſt fooliſh inadvertency, let drop what ought to have been concealed in the deepeſt receſſes of his heart! He had for ſome time in private moſt fervently wiſhed that Zoderiſki would quit the ſtage of this vain world. One villain always fears another; for, though Zoderiſki was extremely ſerviceable to him, yet the knowledge of ſo diabolical a crime as the deſtruction of the amiable Baroneſs, his wife, being a ſecret in his keeping, he lived in a conſtant ſtate of uneaſineſs and dread.

When men are once fully launched into the open ſea of a violation of all rights both human and divine, they give ſuch a latitude to their violent paſſions that they find it impoſſible to curb them, and by degrees heſitate not at any enormity that affords any hopes of covering the guilt of

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a former tranſaction. The idea of loſing for ſome time the horrid fancies of his imagination, and procuring a temporary relief from retroſpective, cauſed him to feel redoubled pleaſure at again getting the unfortunate Mariena into his power; for it was he who, with the aſſiſtance of a noble Engliſh Lord of intriguing memory, had Mariena carried to his friend's ſeat in the New-Foreſt, Hampſhire, in England, where ſhe was to be kept until his paſſion for Julia was cooled, and he was enabled to put her off by a marriage; but we muſt do him the juſtice to believe, he did not mean that marriage to be with his ſon: for the honour of humanity we wiſh to ſave him from the guilt of that unnatural crime. But the unexpected diſcovery of his amour by Salvador and his friend Melham, introduced a marriage he had but very

very little intended, by which his hatred for his ſon was redoubled, and he was prevented from attending at that time to Mariena, as he ſet off immediately after his nuptials for Berlin.

It was extremely ſingular, that ſo rancorous and remorſeleſs a man as Leichenſtein could have been content without taking inſtant vengeance on his ſon, when he learnt by Zoderiſki, who had ſeen them on their journey, that he had reſcued Mariena, and placed her in ſafety at the convent; but yet his anger raged ſo violently, when he was informed of the circumſtance, that he vowed to himſelf, that he would never leave the earth until he had made the reptile he had given life to, crawl upon the damp ground of a deadly priſon; till every joint ſhould be tortured with cold pains; till ſtruggling nature ſhould, like

like the extinguiſhing lamp, faintly and by degrees ſhow him the horrors of ſlow departing life, without a friend to ſoften the lingering pangs of death.

When Zoderiſki, for it was he who had for days been watching the footſteps of Mariena near the convent, and accoſted her and Mademoiſelle de la Straede, to warn them of the frightful blackened ruffians, informed him of the converſation of the innocent Mariena, which he had overheard during her walk, and the ſoft accents of love and admiration ſhe had let fall for Salvador, jealouſy added new fuel to his former hate, and he longed to get the victim into his power. A truſty ſervant was diſpatched to Montbelliard, to watch the motions of its noble Lord; for Zoderiſki, as he was returning from the monaſtery, ſaw one of the people be-

longing to it, who knew him to be the favourite of Leichenſtein, from which he augured that the Lady Abbeſs would give ſome clue to Salvador, that poſſibly might lead him to the Caſtle of Leichenſtein. Juſt ſo it happened; for the letter was couched in ſuch ambiguous terms, that though Salvador and Madame Lindorn ſaw that was the point to which ſhe would direct his purſuit, it did not abſolutely ſay, the Baron your father has been the cruel ſpoiler of your loved Mariena.

The truſty friend of Salvador's faithful Swiſs ſaw all theſe infamous proceedings with a mixture of horror and deſpair; he had loved and reſpected the virtuous Baroneſs, and mourned her melancholy end: to her noble ſon he had transferred all the love and veneration he had had for her; and nothing but the fear of not being

able

able to bring ſufficient proof, prevented his diſcloſing the ſhocking myſtery that hung over her ſudden deceaſe. This worthy man, being of a noble diſpoſition, and having an underſtanding enlarged and much improved by ſtudy (for a long life of eaſe in the ſervice of the Baroneſs left moſt of his hours his own, which, inſtead of paſſing in idle diſſipation, he gave up to the improvement of his mind)—this man, I ſay, was he who witneſſed the ſhameleſs intimacy of Julia with the Baron, and deplored the miſery that muſt enſue to Salvador from his attachment to that frail woman: he therefore made Mr. Melham acquainted with the whole, in order that his beloved young maſter ſhould fly the allurements of that ſyren who would blaſt his future days. This faithful guardian of the honour of Salvador, to whoſe

preſervation he riſked his own ſafety, reſolved that neither Mariena nor Salvador ſhould fall a ſacrifice to ſuch a monſter of iniquity as the Baron: his honeſt heart ſhuddered, for the trembling lamb, as he ſhowed her into the great hall; and, when the door of the apartment allotted for her was cloſed, he heaved a ſigh—a tear fell on his cheek—the innocence, the beauty of Mariena affected him ſtrongly, and filled him with ſuch zeal for her preſervation, as promiſed to protect her from the power of the Baron. Though the character of Zoderiſki and his could not aſſimilate, yet he had, for future purpoſes, always kept on terms with him, and never ſuffered his ſecret thoughts or opinions to tranſpire; he buried his ſuſpicions in his own breaſt, and waited a proper opportunity to terrify the Baron into repentance for

for all his black and atrocious deeds, and lead his mind into a proper channel; he wiſhed to ſave him, if he could: but, at all events, reſolved none of his machinations againſt his ſon ſhould take effect.

"I know not," ſaid Zoderiſki, one day coming to this worthy man, whoſe name was Dermandoft, "I know not, Mr. Dermandoft, what to make of thoſe frightful noiſes which alarm me each night as the clock ſtrikes one; I certainly can never believe in ſpirits and ſuch things; yet, upon my good faith, with all my courage, I cannot reſt of nights. Dermandoft at firſt attempted to laugh it off, then reaſoned with him; but ſtill he found Zoderiſki was not to be perſuaded, and he gave ſuch regular and repeated accounts, that Dermandoft really concluded he ſaw thoſe frightful ſpectres in his unquiet

dreams, cauſed by conſcience working in the dead hour of night, and that he ſuppoſed himſelf awake. At length, a few nights after, Mariena became an inhabitant of the Caſtle; Zoderiſki entreated, in the moſt earneſt manner, that Dermendoſt would paſs one night in his apartment; ſo that Dermendoſt, extremely curious to ſatisfy himſelf in ſo extraordinary a buſineſs, agreed to do ſo: but, fearing leſt this wicked abandoned wretch ſhould frame this improbable tale to get him into his power, and perhaps to murder him, he concealed a dagger in his breaſt, reſolved to watch the night, and not to ſuffer ſleep to expoſe him to this enemy of virtue. But theſe precautions the good Dermandoſt might have ſaved himſelf, for Zoderiſki was literally and in good earneſt moſt horridly annoyed by frightful appearances

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and ſtrange noiſes. Between the hours of twelve and one Dermandoft perceived the countenance of Zoderiſki underwent ſeveral changes; he wiped his forehead, on which there ſeemed a heavy dew; and Dermandoft by accident letting fall his tooth-pick, Zoderiſki in an agony bounced from his chair, and ſwore they were coming: the other laughed, but remarked the real and genuine marks of fear about him too ſtrong to be miſtaken. The uſual hour however paſſing without any appearance, gave to Dermandoft ſufficient grounds to rally the timid fears of his companion, and taking up a ſecond candle, and lighting it, "You ſee, my friend," ſaid he, "I have laid the ghoſt; ſo go to bed and ſleep in peace, and I ſhall go to mine." Zoderiſki, falling on his knees, implored him to continue this one

night with him: "At two, at three, I have often been diſturbed, but generally, I own, it comes at one. Dermandoft complied, and thinking all grounds of perſonal ſafety were removed, propoſed going to bed. To bed they went, but kept their candle alight: all, however, being perfectly quiet for half an hour, they dropped aſleep, from which they were on a ſudden awoke by a violent noiſe under their bed; at the ſame inſtant the curtains were drawn up with great force, and at the foot appeared a human figure; it was wrapped in a winding ſheet—the face was gone—nothing but the bone remained, and in its hand was fixed a bowl. Dermandoft was petrified with aſtoniſhment and dread, and Zoderiſki clang to him in dire alarm and diſmay—ſweat iſſuing forth from every pore. The ſpectre ſtood. Dermandoft at length

tore

tore himſelf from Zoderiſki's graſp, and, leaping out of bed, he ſaw the figure glide away. Every part of the room he, with the utmoſt diligence, ſearched, but nothing was to be ſeen—all was the ſame as it was before, and the bed-curtains fell into their uſual place without the leaſt appearance of any human means being near.

When all was again fully reſtored, and that they had recovered from the conſternation ſo extraordinary a phænomenon had cauſed, Dermandoft aſked Zoderiſki how often he had witneſſed thoſe dreadful ſights? "Frequently," replied he; "ever ſince we came from England; but then not once in twenty nights, till within this ſhort time; but now regularly every night I am thus diſturbed."

In about an hour they were rouzed by the Baron's bell ringing violently; they

both got up, and flying to their Lord's apartment, found him in a ſtate of great alarm, trembling and as pale as death: they brought him water, then wine and many cordials. He ſpoke not for many hours; and, when he did recover his voice, he deſired to be left alone with Zoderiſki, when he found himſelf quite recovered, and would riſe. He then told Zoderiſki what had happened: that as he lay, his curtains were drawn up—an hideous ſpectre, holding a bowl, had ſhocked his ſight; it ſtood ſome minutes at the foot of his bed, then glided along the wall, and diſappeared.

"Alas! my Lord," ſaid Zoderiſki, "the ſame dread ſpectre has been to viſit me often in different hours of the night; it is the ghoſt of the murdered Baroneſs that haunts us thus."

"Pho,

"Pho, pho," ſaid the Baron, recovering himſelf, "it's no ſuch thing—it cannot be—it is the machination and contrivance of that canting Dermandoft."

"No, my good Lord," ſaid Zoderiſki, "for he came to witneſs it this night in my room, and we hurried here together: he was as much ſhocked as I was, as you, my Lord. Beſides, the horrid ſpectre ſhews it is riſen from the dead, for the fleſh is off the bones; you ſee the cavity of the eyes—the noſe is gone—the high cheek-bones uncovered——No, no, my Lord, there is no fleſh and blood; believe me, the ſpectre is a real ghoſt."

The Baron, whatever were his real ſentiments, now that he was recovered of his fright, laughed at the words of Zoderiſki, and ſaid, "Should it come again, we will try what it is made of."

The enlivening ſun of the following day and buzz of people wore off the horrors of the night; and the Baron, dreſſing, paid a viſit to the beauteous Mariena——all was loſt in the contemplation of his love, of which he drew in large draughts; and he who ſcrupled not the vileſt deeds, began to uſe but little diſguiſe: he ſat him near the timid maid, and throwing his arm round her waiſt, he preſſed her to his throbbing heart—ſhe ſtruggled, but in vain—he imprinted a thouſand burning kiſſes on her lips. Thoſe liberties would have been followed by others, had not Zoderiſki entered the room, and, in great agitation, begged to ſpeak with the Baron.

Wounded and ſhocked beyond the power of utterance, the breathleſs Mariena almoſt loſt her reaſon; and Dermandoft coming into the room with ſome preparations

parations for dinner, as ſhe was not permitted on any pretence to leave thoſe apartments allotted to her, and ſeeing her panting, frighted, and horror-ſtruck, he, with many apologies, enquired the cauſe; when Mariena, perceiving humanity beaming on his placid countenance, fell on her knees, imploring him to ſave her from that monſter. "Give me," ſaid ſhe, "I beſeech you, a poniard, that I may, at the hour of need, plunge it into my heart; for much, oh much! I prefer death to diſhonour!" Tears ſtreamed down her lovely cheeks.

"Do not weep, dear lady," ſaid Dermandoft, "do not weep—hope the beſt. Pretend to be extremely ill from this fright, and the Baron will not moleſt you. When next you ſee him, affect a kindneſs for him, which, though foreign to your heart,

heart, will put him off of his purpoſe; and in two or three days I promiſe to releaſe you. Should it be impoſſible for me to come to you myſelf, as I may have much to do; when at any hour of the night you are given this (ſhowing her a ring), attend the bearer. I formed the reſolution to protect and ſave you the moment I ſaw you enter—a great deal depends on yourſelf. If you do not deceive the Baron with hopes of a return to his love, it may not be in my power to reſcue you from diſhonour, as ſome days muſt elapſe ere I can ſafely take you off." He put his finger on his mouth, and departed.

Mariena fell proſtrate to return unfeigned thanks to that great Being who had raiſed her up a friend at the moment of threatened deſtruction. Alas! thought ſhe, in this dark retreat of ſin many more victims

victims of luſt and oppreſſion may be wreſted from their kind protectors, pining out their days in endleſs miſery.

## CHAP. III.

"Conſcience makes cowards of us all."

THE opportune appearance of Zoderiſki was to inform the Baron, that the expreſs of the Lady Abbeſs had arrived at Montbelliard, and that he haſtened off to inform the Baron of the circumſtance.

"Curſed be that ſtripling—you, the meſſenger—and all mankind!" furiouſly exclaimed the Baron; but for your damned interruption my happineſs would have been complete, his ſecond idol would have fallen

fallen my prey. O revenge! how ſweet!—a ſecond marriage could not reſtore this divine girl to the world with honour. Reſtored—no, I ſhould have glutted my paſſion and revenge; and when no longer pleaſed with the embraces of his charmer, I would have ſent her polluted to aſk her puny lover, what terms he demanded of his father?"

"All is not loſt, my Lord," replied Zoderiſki, "ſhe cannot eſcape; another time will do as well—to-night—to-morrow—or the next day; my life for it, my noble Lord, that you hold Mademoiſelle Mariena a firm and ſecure prey. I beg you, think not of her for the preſent, but inform me what method is to be purſued ſhould the Baron of Montbelliard arrive, what you will have done. You know how many men are within the Caſtle who would

would gladly join him; too many there are who will inform him of this lady being here."

The Baron pondered—he knit his brow—he traverſed the room—he ſeemed convulſed. "By Heavens," ſaid he, "ſhould he enter this Caſtle, he never leaves it with his life." Zoderiſki ſtarted. "My Lord! my Lord! do you forget the ſpectre?" The Baron looked aghaſt. "Have you ſo ſoon forgotten that horrid object? Methinks!" ſaid Zoderiſki, catching the Baron's arm, "methinks I ſee it glide acroſs the room——look there! look there! my Lord!"

"Where?—where?" groaned the terrified Baron. "There!—there!" pointed Zoderiſki, "ſee, it goes off——it's gone—come, my Lord, let's go into another room."

"By

"By Heavens, Zoderiſki, you are mad: on your life, let me hear no more of this." "I have heard too much for my ſoul's peace," returned Zoderiſki, with a grin of horror: "our deeds are black, my Lord—they ſtink; and ſhould you adminiſter the deadly poiſon to your ſon alſo, the devil will cry, *It's well!* and claim you for his own, and ſink you into everlaſting pains." He ſtared malignantly on the Baron—fury was painted on his viſage—madneſs ſeemed to touch his brain. "My days are painful!" thundered he in the Baron's teeth, "my nights are worſe—do you want me to be the deſtroyer of your ſon alſo?"

"Peace, peace, Zoderiſki—good Zoderiſki," mildly replied the Baron, though his ſanguinay ſoul ſeemed ſtill to thirſt for blood amid the horrors of the preſent ſcene;

ſcene: though frantic anger raged within his breaſt, though the dread ſpectre ſhook his ſoul, yet ſtill the deſtruction of the noble Salvador was his moſt anxious deſire, his moſt greedy wiſh, and he yet hoped to blaſt him like a withered leaf. With a ghaſtly ſmile he wheedled Zoderiſki—turned his fancy of the ſpectre into ridicule—pointed out to him his power, which would ſanction all the paſt; and talked of the pleaſures of wealth. "Money—" ſaid he, throwing a heavy purſe of gold into the hands of the villain who aided and abetted all his ſchemes; "take that, thou puſillanimous ſot, and aſk yourſelf what joys you cannot now purchaſe to lull thoſe fooliſh fancies, that make you ſuch a child." Maſter of the power of perſuaſion, he turned the thoughts and purpoſes of Zoderiſki to his will—

gold

gold well applied has great effect. "Now, my good friend," ſaid the Baron, "ſhould this mighty Lord of Montbelliard intrude himſelf into my caſtle, we muſt find means to prevent his diſcovering Mariena is here; for if he ſhould, his life or mine would be the forfeit: therefore, mark me, I ſhall carry her off to Berlin the very night he arrives, and alſo every human being belonging to the Caſtle, under one pretence or other. My being here muſt be kept a cloſe ſecret from him, and in his wine you muſt pour a cordial I ſhall give you, that, in about four hours after he takes it, will bury him in a profound ſleep for three days at leaſt; by this delay we ſhall gain ſo far on our way before he awakes, that we may defy him and all his hordes of vaſſals. Leave that wretched woman in the tower a week's proviſions: ſhe,

ſhe, and the Baron, my ſon, muſt be the only human beings within the walls. Theſe are my inſtructions: if you conduct them well, an equal ſhare of gold, which the purſe I have now given you contains, ſhall be your reward."

Zoderiſki promiſed to obſerve all the directions given, only on one condition, that the life of the Baron of Montbelliard ſhould not be endangered; on this point Leichenſtein fully ſatisfied him, and they parted.

Dermandoft went among the malcontents, and ſecretly gained them over; he ſent a man he could rely upon with food and different comforts to a lonely hamlet not four leagues from the Caſtle, which communicated with a cave, where he could ſecrete Mariena from a poſſibility of purſuit: mean time her pretended ill-

neſs

neſs kept the Baron within due bounds; her terror and averſion ſeemed gradually to wear away, and in their place ſucceeded ſome faint rays of fondneſs, which he flattered himſelf would ripen into love; ſo that he gave himſelf up to the tranſporting hopes of real joy.

At length Salvador arrived, and the Baron ſhut himſelf up into one of the moſt private apartments of the Caſtle. Zoderiſki moſt obſequiouſly waited upon upon Salvador; and Dermandoft, taking advantage of the buſtle on account of the arrival of the ſtrangers, ſent to the impatient Mariena the ring, and in ſafety conveyed her to the hamlet. For further ſecurity, and the better to miſlead the Baron on the diſcovery of her eſcape, he ſent out ſcouts, good and true men in his intereſt, for the Baron Montbelliard, and

gave

gave them inſtructions, on any inquiry, to appear acquainted with the road ſhe had taken, and ſo put her real purſuers on a wrong ſcent; he alſo cautioned all Salvador's people not to touch any liquors, leſt ſleepy potions might be adminiſtered to them, to render them incapable of knowing what was going forward, or giving any aſſiſtance.

After Zoderiſki had apologized to Salvador for the inebriation of his people, and waited upon him to bed, he thought it time, now that the Caſtle was cleared, and all retired, to look in upon thoſe men whom he thought intoxicated, and in their ſtupefaction, ſecure them; but what was his conſternation, on perceiving they were flown! He haſted immediately to the Baron and informed him, "he knew not what to think, for all the Baron Montbelliard's

belliard's ſervants, whom he thought he had doſed well with drink, ſo that they were unable to ſtand, were all now gone off, and no where to be found." On this they hurried to Mariena's apartments; but when they found ſhe had fled likewiſe, no words can deſcribe the rage of the Baron. For ſome time he was totally deprived of utterance; at laſt incoherent words burſt forth inarticulately from his lips, his eyes flaſhed fire, and, collaring Zoderiſki, "Villain!" ſaid he, "villain! tell me where is Mariena?—ſhe was under your care—tell me, what is become of her? or I ſhall ſend your ſoul to hell, and ſcatter your body in pieces to the fowls of the air——I will——" Here furious paſſion deprived him again of ſpeech, and he fell almoſt fainting againſt the wall.

"Come,

"Come, come, my Lord!" ſaid Zoderiſki, "here is no time for all theſe exclamations; I know nothing of the eſcape of the lady, you muſt be ſenſible I don't; but, by whatever means her flight has been accompliſhed, we ſhould not now waſte theſe hours in vain regrets or unjuſt ſuſpicions. Fly, my Lord! this moment fly! and follow her with your people, who are all by appointment ſtationed at different poſts—your horſes are ready according to your own directions—the women are all ſent forward, and any ſtragglers I find, I ſhall take care that they cannot have it in their power to impede what you may have in view at your return. When I ſet all to rights, I ſhall lock the Caſtle gates and follow you to Berlin, or whatever way your people,

from their obſervation and intelligence, ſhall recommend your going."

The Baron, in ſome meaſure recovered by this addreſs, aſked if his ſon was ſafe?

"He is, my Lord," ſaid Zoderiſki.

"Look in upon him again," ſaid the Baron, "ere you quit the Caſtle; let that be the laſt thing you do: ſhould he eſcape, you ſhall anſwer it with your life."

Zoderiſki hurried away the Baron, aſſuring him he might with the utmoſt confidence depend on him; and calling to the choſen band that waited ready mounted, the Baron rode off full ſpeed.

The firſt of his men, who was placed in waiting with freſh horſes, told him they heard a rumour that the lady was, to a certainty, carried off by the young Baron's people, and that they had taken the road to Berlin. This information was given

given them by the contrivance of Dermandoft, which ſucceeded fully to miſlead the Baron. Early the following morning, after travelling the whole night, more of his people with freſh horſes told him, that he muſt ſoon come up with them, for Dermandoft was in hot purſuit—that he had paſſed them about two hours before, and informed them that he hoped to overtake them before they got many leagues further. This gave the Baron ſpirits to puſh on, though, had he known the truth, Dermandoft was at the hamlet preparing a comfortable breakfaſt for the happy but much fatigued Mariena.

Hartly had waited impatiently for the hour appointed by Dermandoft to bring his maſter ſafely off to the hamlet; and going up a private way to his maſter's chamber, the door of which, to his great

ſurpriſe, he found half open, and inſide the curtain Zoderiſki. Convinced, from the character he had heard of this man, that he muſt have come there with intent to murder his Lord, all the fidelity and affection of Hartly was rouzed, and he furiouſly demanded what brought him there? Zoderiſki had ſtripped the covering from off of Salvador, to ſee if the opium had the full effect, and the dagger which, for his own preſervation, he had placed in his boſom on going to bed, was uncovered. Zoderiſki ſaid, "that he came to ſee if he ſlept." Hartly, enraged at the improbability of the pretence, and not doubting the truth of his ſuſpicions, quickly ſnatched up the dagger, and, collaring Zoderiſki, he dragged him out of the room. Impatient of this treatment, and not wanting perſonal courage, Zoderiſki

riſki uſed ſome opprobrious language, and fiercely combated with Hartly, who received a wound in his arm, and would have been overpowered, but that he very adroitly diſengaged himſelf; and, before Zoderiſki could again grapple with him, he plunged the dagger into him which entering juſt under his heart, he fell, and had only time to ſay, "I am gone—my treachery deſerves this end—I fall by the hand of fidelity. Engliſhman—I have wronged your Lord—and tell him the laſt words of Zoderiſki are, to bid him beware of the Baron his father; his intentions are to throw him into priſon, and accuſe him of crimes againſt the State——get him to his Caſtle when he awakes, which will not be for two or three days—I gave him a doſe which will have that effect, but will not otherwiſe injure him."

"Swear," ſaid Hartly in an agony, "ſwear, as you hope to ſave your wretched ſoul, that you have not poiſoned the beſt of men and maſters."

"I do ſwear," ſaid Zoderiſki, "it is nothing more than a ſoporific doſe——" Theſe laſt words died upon his lips, and groaning in the greateſt agony, his tortured ſoul came ruſhing through the wound.

Hartly, much ſhocked to have killed the wretched ſinner, mourned the deed, though compelled to it by neceſſity; yet thinking on his maſter, and not being reconciled to this long ſleep, he went to his bed, and ſhaking him by the head and hand, and examining cloſely if there were any wounds, he convinced himſelf the dying words of Zoderiſki were ſincere; ſo covering him up with the quilt again, and leaving

leaving the door open to give him air, he proceeded to the court, mounted his horſe, and made the beſt of his way to the rendezvous—but Dermandoft was gone. In the hopes of finding him, Hartly continued his road, but all in vain; in fact he was making all the expedition poſſible from what he ſo eagerly ſought; for Dermandoft, fearful of leaving Mariena, had unfortunately returned to the hamlet, and ere he came back Hartly had been at the place appointed, but was then in his turn gone. Hartly had travelled a great part of that day in hopeleſs ſorrow; and fearing any thing might happen to his dear Lord, he turned about with intention to wait the iſſue of the ſleep he had left him in; but miſſing the path in a dark part of the foreſt, inſtead of going to Leichenſtein, after travelling all night he found

himſelf near Montbelliard; and on his arrival at the Caſtle he informed Madame Lindorn of all thoſe ſtrange events, acquainted her with the dying words of Zoderiſki, and recommended that the Caſtle ſhould be immediately put into the beſt ſtate of defence. He took with him fifty men well armed and mounted, and a carriage to convey his maſter home; he ordered relays of horſes to be in readineſs, and at twelve o'clock that night he left Montbelliard, and at the cloſe of the following evening they gained the Caſtle of Leichenſtein. The Swiſs and the other three ſervants arrived juſt at the ſame time with news that the Baron was on his way back, no doubt to make a priſoner of his ſon.

"Not while we have life however," ſaid Hartly. On this they all impatiently ruſhed

ruſhed into the caſtle, and found Salvador as before related.

The Baron was led a curious dance in purſuit of Mariena. Each hour, from the accoun s of his own people, he expected to come up with her: Dermandoft had ſo cleverly and cunningly managed it, that thoſe very adherents of the Baron's themſelves were deceived, and, of courſe, miſled their Lord. However, Salvador's people, engaged by Dermandoft, were ſo anxious to look after him, and to learn all the proceedings during their abſence, that they returned too ſoon; and being diſcovered, the deception was at once developed by Leichenſtein. His rage was boundleſs—he thought he was betrayed by Zoderiſki, and vowed to ſatiate his revenge, firſt on him, and then on Salvador, whom he flattered himſelf he had now

fully in his power, being encloſed ſenſeleſs in his Caſtle of Leichenſtein; but then the thought of Zoderiſki's perfidy depriving him of that ſweet revenge he ſo longed to gratify, by counteracting all his ſchemes, he ſickened at the thought, even to madneſs, and, in his rage, made a vow, but not one regiſtered above—it was of ſuch a nature as to ſet the infernal regions grinning, to find they had a votary on this ſide Styx that equalled all their hoſt of demons in their own abodes. Had the ſenate of hell, in full convention, combined to form a vow, it could not have exceeded Leichenſtein in maſtery of wickedneſs, and all this towards the deſtruction of his only ſon.

A few of his attendants were ſent off to the Caſtle, to get things in readineſs for his arrival, as, by this time, he had worked

worked himſelf up to a firm belief that Zoderiſki had betrayed him, and that Salvador and Mariena had eſcaped to the Caſtle of Montbelliard. His furious looks on his approach ſcared his ſervants, though they were ſo well acquainted with his humours, and none ventured to tell him of Zoderiſki: however, thinking that he was gone off, without aſking a ſingle queſtion about him, he flew to his room, to ſee if any papers, or any other ſecret matters, might have been left behind. As all the domeſtics had been ſent from the Caſtle for purpoſes which he only was acquainted with, he met no interruption until he got to the door of Zoderiſki's apartment, which he found locked. Impatient of delay, and foaming with anger, (for though he had for hours given way to the idea of his having fled, yet he now

"Nay, my dread Lord," replied the people; "the noble-minded Baron, your ſon, could never do thoſe deeds."

"Peace, villains!" ſaid the Baron, "and leave me——" They withdrew.

Now Leichenſtein plumed himſelf—he walked about the room exultingly—he thought he was maſter of himſelf again—and that if Madame de Sallenci had made her exit, another burden would be taken off, that ſometimes preſſed upon him too ſorely; and now, that his confident was dead, he did not know how to ſupply her with food. He thought ſhe muſt have had an uncommonly ſtrong conſtitution to have borne ſo long and ſevere a confinement; the hurry of the Caſtle, with Mariena's eſcape, muſt materially have occupied the whole of Zoderiſki's attention; and the Baron thought it probable Ma-

dame

dame de Sallenci might have been left without food; he therefore, when he was refreſhed himſelf, reſolved to go to the priſon, and ſhould ſhe want, to ſupply her with proviſion himſelf. He advanced up the ſteps—he carried a taper—and wiſhing the viſit over, he at length arrived at the door——but what was his amazement to find it open, and Madame de Sallenci vaniſhed! He looked around the little ſpace where he had doomed an amiable and moſt beautiful woman to paſs the prime of her life—ſomething like pity glanced along his ſoul; but finding there nothing congenial to itſelf, it could not tarry, and paſſing off, it was ſucceeded by a ſtorm, which raged more furiouſly from the momentary calm: his temples throbbed almoſt to madneſs. With an expreſſion of a demon in his face, he roared to his ſervants—

vants—the Caſtle was ſearched—he no longer retained any controul over his paſſions—they completely gained the maſtery over his reaſon. In her eſcape he foreſaw ten thouſand dangers—found himſelf expoſed—felt more horrors than he ever knew before; he gnaſhed his teeth—ſtruck his forehead—and acted over a thouſand frantic fooleries; when, leaping from the couch on which he had thrown himſelf with the electric ſhock of horror, he ruſhed out of the room, and deſcending into the receſſes and gloom of the ſubterraneous vaults and intricate mazes of the north wing, he returned to the apartment he had left, much more compoſed. Now, as he ſat in gloomy ſilence, Mariena recurred to his imagination with redoubled force—her candour—her innocence—and the charms that reigned around her; he traced

traced over all her numerous perfections —and love—and rage—and jealouſy— filled his ſoul by turns.

## CHAP. IV.

*A return, with a happy meeting—Some moral reflexions—A ſcene of horror—A reſcue —A diſcovery of a new-born paſſion—The illneſs of a friend.*

THE perfect reſtoration of Salvador determined him no longer to remain at Montbelliard, but to ſet off on the following day, with a choſen number well accoutred, once more in ſearch of Mariena: he gave Hartly orders accordingly; and when he retired to his room, he juſt mentioned

tioned to Madame Lindorn, that he was going from home the following day. Her fears were all alive for his ſafety—ſhe turned pale.——" My moſt execellent friend," ſaid he, taking both her hands, and reſpectfully preſſing them, " how much am I honoured and gratified by your parental regards for me! Oh!" ſaid he, ſqueezing them empatically, " in your love for me, you fulfil all my dear mother could have expected from your friendſhip; take care of your precious life for my ſake; for I conſider you as my beſt friend, whoſe regard is the greateſt ſolace of the wretched Salvador's exiſtence. The eſteem of Madame Lindorn attaches me to life—for her I ſhould wiſh to live—yes, deareſt Madame, you make my home the reſidence of content and peace—

peace——I quit it with regret, and return to it with pleaſure."

Madame Lindorn returned the preſſure of the hands—the tear of grateful ſenſibility mounted to her eyes; and when ſhe thought of the danger her beloved friend was to encounter, by braving his cruel father's power, they ran over and dropped on the hands of Salvador. He ſtarted—"My ſecond mother," ſaid he, "why all this alarm? I would not give you pain—yet the helpleſs—innocent—virtuous Mariena——I cannot be at peace, while ſhe is expoſed to dangers of which I tremble but to think. Oh! what may not that gentle being at this moment ſuffer! I am now by your kind care recovered to health and ſtrength: let me then make uſe of it to reſtore this friendleſs young creature to the repoſe which in this Caſtle I know

ſhe

ſhe will meet with from you, dear Madame, and your good aunt. What a happy and ſecure aſylum for that helpleſs maid! To-morrow I go to ſeek her with your good wiſhes, and Providence my guide."

Madame Lindorn pleaded, and, encouraged by his conduct, ventured to entreat.

"Believe me," ſaid he, "I feel the regards of a ſon for you, to which I have annexed the duty alſo; but I cannot, indeed, I cannot leave this ſweet girl, who has no protector but myſelf—unſought. Was ſhe under your kind protection, I ſhould never wiſh to quit Montbelliard—my ſoul was formed for domeſtic life—you have made my Caſtle a paradiſe; and had not misfortune blaſted my early poſterity——" he pauſed——"Good night—my ſecond mother—fear not for me—aſſure me you will not make yourſelf unhappy,—and my dangers,

dangers, whatever they may be, I ſhall feel lightly."

Madame Lindorn turned from him with a heart overflowing with ſorrow for his miſeries, and fear for his ſafety: ſhe fled to her room, and burſting into tears—— "Dear image of his bleſſed mother—may all the hoſt of heaven protect him, crown him with happineſs, and grant him all his virtuous heart deſires!" She went to bed—but not to ſleep—the image of the Baroneſs occupied her mind—her ſon ſtruggling with unhappineſs—— "Alas! thou noble youth, if happineſs is not to be thy lot, who then can juſtly aſpire to it?" Leichenſtein's perſecution ſent a pang to her heart, which reaſon could not alleviate. She knew him to be boldly vicious—capable of deeds that made humanity ſhudder: her ſoul had been mildewed with ſorrow—

ſorrow—ſhe had learnt to look on miſery with leſs and leſs emotion—ſhe knew there was a pride and great matter of boaſt, to meet diſtreſs with fortitude; yet her fancy ſhrunk diſmayed from the woeful proſpect that now lay before Salvador; and when ſhe reflected that the vaſt revenues of Montbelliard would become the Baron's in caſe of any accident to him, her troubled ſoul could take no reſt. Long had her mind dwelt on theſe tumultuous thoughts.—Leichenſtein had great power in the empire—he was ambitious and neceſſitous—if he once cauſed the arreſt of Salvador, all ſhe then well knew would be over perhaps.——But by this time ſhe had worked herſelf up to ſuch a ſtate of alarm, and it appeared to her ſo well founded, that ſhe aroſe and dreſſed, and ſat down to write her fears, which ſhe reſolved to hand

to

to Salvador, and entreat his peruſal, ere he ventured to leave the protection of his Caſtle.

Salvador's feelings were awakened by the paſt converſation with Madame Lindorn; his ſoul, formed for friendſhip, attached itſelf to thoſe who ſeemed to regard him. Since the death of the Baroneſs we ſee him deſerted by all, ſave only his friend Melham and Mariena. He wept over his loſs in that dear friend, as freſh as at the moment of his deceaſe. His loſs in Mariena afflicted him ſorely; and to find her was his firm determined purpoſe, let the danger to himſelf be ever ſo hazardous.

Occupied with his reflexions on the ſincere attachment of Madame Lindorn, his ſoul was ſoftened—he felt the blood ruſhing warmly through the heart—he walked

walked about his room; and throwing open the caſement, he raiſed his eyes to the ſilver moon—his heart to heaven. "My mother and my friend ſleep," he ſoftly ſighed, "my mother and my Melham ſleep, and Salvador woos their aërial ſhades." His ſublime ſoul ſeemed entranced in devotional rapture; and leaning againſt the window with folded arms, he was loſt in melancholy muſings. In a late hour of the night he was rouzed from his reveries by the centinel's challenge of "Who comes there?" at which Salvador ſtarted. The moon had hid herſelf beneath the horizon, and left but the fainteſt tinge of her light upon the earth; the night was calm—each ſound was heard from far, and gently wafted on the ear, but quickly died away through the intervening buildings. Again he heard the centinel's

centinels demand of "Who comes there?" which was anſwered by, "Friends to the Baron of Montbelliard." More was ſaid, but Salvador loſt it in the diſtance. Their being friends he doubted; but taking down his ſword, he deſcended inſtantly to the portal, and, joining the guard, he aſked, what they had heard?

"The name of Dermandoft, my Lord, and the Lady Mariena." By this time Hartly and the Swiſs, ever upon the watch, heard the call, and flew to know the cauſe. Salvador was making through the courts, when Hartly caught him by the arm. "In the name of Heaven, my good Lord, do not expoſe yourſelf! Freidrach and I ſhall go to reconnoitre, and return with intelligence." Salvador ſtruggled, and ordered Hartly inſtantly to looſe him. "Mariena! Mariena!" he exclaimed. "Be-

gone, and let me fly to Mariena!" Hartly heſitated——"Take care—take care my noble Lord is not trepanned."

"Let my Lord go to the draw-bridge," ſaid Freidrach: "we can ſee from this ſide who they are; if foes, they cannot enter, and my Lord will be more at eaſe to witneſs them himſelf." They all proceeded together, and coming to the gate-way, Dermandoft and Mariena ſtood alone on the other ſide. Salvador flew to her—caught her in his arms—and, without articulating a ſingle word, ſprung with her into the court. "Make faſt the gates," ſaid he. "Thank God, my deareſt Mariena!—thank God you are here in ſafety!"

The tide of joy flowed in on Mariena—faint and exhauſted with fatigue, ſhe ſunk her head upon his breaſt—unable to give vent

vent to feelings much too great for utterance. Salvador preſſed her to his breaſt in rapture. "Now," ſaid he, "now that you are ſafe within Montbelliard's mighty walls, we ſhall laugh at all our foes, dear, dear Mariena!" ſtill preſſing her to his heart. She raiſed her head —looked at Salvador—then ſinking on his breaſt again——"Here," ſaid ſhe, "here I can find reſt and ſecurity—my brother and my friend will ſave me from that cruel monſter."

Madame Lindorn, who had been writing, alarmed by the noiſe, came running to the court. "Here—Mariena is found!" ſaid Salvador, "here, deareſt Madame!—here ſhe is in ſafety!"

Mariena raiſed her eyes, and ſeeing by the lights that were brought by the attendants (for all the Caſtle was now alive),

a tall and majeſtic female, with looks ſuffuſing all around benignity and joy, ſhe deeply bluſhed, and uſing all the exertion left her from bodily diſeaſe, diſengaged herſelf from the arms of Salvador, and looking up to Madame Lindorn, ſeemed to ſue for pity and regard. The amiable woman took her to her heart, "Yes, Madam," ſaid ſhe, "my Lord has been ſo often the panegyriſt of your virtues and perfections, I have long beſtowed upon you a very large portion of my regards—I offer you my warmeſt friendſhip;" and, turning to Salvador, "Had we not better," ſaid ſhe, "get the Lady within the Caſtle? ſhe ſeems very faint and ill."

"I reſign her entirely into your care," ſaid Salvador, putting the hand of Mariena into that of Madame Lindorn. "Mariena's own worth will teach her to ſet a juſt value upon

upon your's; hers, I know, will claim an intereſt ſtrong and laſting in your affections." They entered the Caſtle, and Madame Lindorn took Mariena to her room, where, after taking ſome refreſhment, ſhe repoſed for the remainder of the night. As Dermandoft feared to take horſes, or to travel in the open day, their journey was obliged to be by night, and on foot, which ſadly fatigued the delicate Mariena. We ſhall now, therefore, leave her to that repoſe ſhe ſtands ſo much in need of, and attend the worthy Dermandoft to his Lord's cloſet, whither he had been ſummoned, as ſoon as he had taken the neceſſary refreſhment. Salvador's ſoul was too full of joy to think of repoſe: he wiſhed to hear from Dermandoft himſelf the adventure of Mariena. This enlightened German, feeling for the relative ſituation

that Salvador ſtood in with the Baron, gloſſed over thoſe ſcenes which paſſed at the Caſtle of Leichenſtein with as much delicacy as truth would admit; yet he thought it abſolutely neceſſary to inform him of many circumſtances he wiſhed to bury in oblivion. The ſpectre holding a bowl appearing to ſo many as the Baron, Zoderiſki, and himſelf, he hoped would point out to Salvador the picture of his mother poiſoned by her Lord; for though he knew his gentle nature would be tortured by the feelings ſuch an idea would convey, he nevertheleſs would be warned of the dangers which a knowledge of that circumſtance might enable him to avoid; for Dermandoft had but too much reaſon to be aſſured that the ſame fate would attend Salvador, ſhould the Baron once get him into his power. Leichenſtein's fortunes were

were totally ruined. Want, with all her train of evils, was impending over his head; he was daily threatened by his creditors; and he looked to the poſſeſſions of his ſon as the only means of eſcape from immediate deſtruction. He touched but very ſlightly on the ſuccour he afforded to Mariena, and apologized for detaining her ſo long in the hamlet, and not informing Salvador of her ſafety; but the fear of being diſcovered on his way, while the purſuit was hot, obliged him to keep cloſe in his retreat.

When Dermandoſt ceaſed, Salvador's ſtate of mind threw into his countenance ſuch a mixture of horror and ſurpriſe, as ſhocked the worthy German. He entreated him to be calm, and offered all the conſolation he could; but the pains of imagina-

tion froze the ſoul of Salvador—he ſtood transfixed.

" Tell me, I beſeech you," ſaid he, " do you ſuſpect that the Baron of Leichenſtein——" Speech failed him—the occurrences that happened to him in his own chamber—Madame Lindorn's wiſhing he ſhould not ſleep in it—Hartly's fright—the ſtories among the ſervants of the Caſtle—ſeemed to corroborate with thoſe at Leichenſtein, and ſtruck a panic into his heart, that all the aid of reaſon was not ſufficient to quiet. He motioned to Dermandoft to retire; and he threw himſelf into a chair, where he ſat in a kind of torpor, which might be ſaid to give a temporary relief to that extreme anguiſh the ſhock of ſuch a piece of intelligence cauſed him. This dream of horror did not

not evaporate until the ſun had burniſhed his windows with his golden rays; he aroſe with a troubled mind, and walked down upon the platform of the eaſtern front. The genial breath of morning, the ſoaring lark, the cheerful whiſtle of the ſhepherds as they changed the paſture of their flocks, the verdant lawn, the perfumed ſhrubs, the mantling beauties of the diſtant views, the ſweet paſtoral ſcenes, which from this ſide of the Caſtle were the predominant feature, ſoothed the ſoul of Salvador, and lulled his perturbed ſpirits. His thoughts now glided to the chamber of Mariena: his indulgent memory had treaſured up her every word and action—the ſweet intelligence of her lovely mind diſplayed itſelf on every ſubject with clearneſs and preciſion; her ſoul replete with every virtuous ſentiment—and a form—oh!

how lovely—how faſcinating! That a being poſſeſſed of every mental and perſonal perfection ſhould be thrown upon the world, friendleſs and forſaken—the ſport of every villain! Once more baniſhed his late regained momentary tranquillity, and walking round the terrace to the northern front, the black ſtupendous mountains o'ercapped with gloom—the dark and ſtately cypreſſes and pines, filled him with melancholy; and contemplating the ſcenes he had ſo lately witneſſed, the vices, follies, and cruelties of beings like himſelf, involuntarily a queſtion occurred, why the Great Author of all good ſhould people the earth with wretches ſo worthleſs and depraved? The value of life, when weighed, is found of little worth; all the candour and good-nature of the man of ſenſibility is inſufficient to enable him to obſerve

ſerve the common forms of life with thoſe who are devoid of every virtue, whoſe hearts are hardened by every enormity, of paſſions the moſt violent and abhorrent: theſe men are for ever croſſing our path, and ſtrewing our way with thorns. Conſcious ſecurity, which alone gives life value, is not to be found in this planet; the mind is held in perpetual ſuſpence—in the moment of expected bliſs the cup of happineſs is daſhed from our lips, and we find ourſelves involved in miſery and diſappointment. Such is the lot of man—"born to trouble as the ſparks fly up-"wards."

Salvador walked ſlowly into the Caſtle, reflecting on Madame De Sallenci's hapleſs fate. At the age of twenty-ſix—looking back upon years of the moſt extreme miſery—deprived of all her flouriſhing

proſpects—ſhorn of her honours—dead to her family and friends. He ſighed from the bottom of his heart. A ſtranger, thought he, can afford but little conſolation to ſuch griefs as hers. Her ſorrow beguiled him of a tear—what heart of the leaſt ſenſibility would not catch the infection? He hemmed twice, as he croſſed his hand over his eyes; and he found himſelf in the breakfaſt-room, without knowing exactly where he meant his ſteps ſhould carry him.

Madame De Sallenci's wounded ſpirits would not permit her to mix with the family; and though ſhe was infinitely recovered, ſtill ſhe laboured under great bodily diſeaſe; and, after the firſt amendment, ſhe rather ſeemed to relapſe into her former ſtate, than make any progreſs towards convaleſcence. On the firſt moment

ment of refreſhment all that could be expected from it was gained; but the ſorrows of the mind, and the ſufferings of the body, for ſo many years, deſtroyed the delicate frame, and the animal ſpirits of this intereſting woman: there was nothing to ſuſtain her here; and ſhe looked impatiently to that journey which would end her troubles, and tranſlate her to a better world.

Mariena was not able to leave her bed—her feet bliſtered—her bones ſore—her ſpirits exhauſted—a burning heat through her ſkin from over-fatigue: ſhe ſent thanks, unfeigned thanks to Salvador, by Madame Lindorn, with a hope of being able on the morrow to offer her thanks, her gratitude, in perſon, for his care. She ſtill was ignorant that ſhe owed all her troubles to the Baron of Leichenſtein: the ſenſible

knew, with her arrival at the Caſtle. She expreſſed a very great deſire to ſee her, and ſaid, if it was agreeable, ſhe would paſs an hour that evening in the drawing-room. Mariena was informed of this; and ſhe felt an equal deſire to behold a woman who had out-lived ſo many years of impriſonment.

The hour of tea arrived, and Madame De Sallenci appeared: Salvador received her at the door, and conducted her to a ſeat; he then preſented Mariena, and they both ſeemed equally ſtruck with each other. Madame De Sallenci burſt into tears, as ſhe preſſed the hand of Mariena to her lips, and ſaid, "ſhe ſo ſtrongly reſembled a long-loſt and beloved ſiſter, that the extreme likeneſs affected her prodigiouſly." When her feelings ſubſided, ſhe exerted all her powers to make amends for

for the gloom ſhe had thrown on the company—ſhe never appeared to ſuch advantage before—every one was charmed with her wit and agreeableneſs; the animation of her countenance ſhone forth in ſuch luſtre, that all admired her to exceſs. Years could not have done more than that one night—Mariena and ſhe were friends—there ſeemed to be a ſecret ſympathy that attracted them to each other. When they parted, Madame De Sallenci obtained her promiſe, that at twelve the next day ſhe would come to her chamber; and Mariena was there to the moment.

Some days paſſed on in this happy intercourſe, when Mariena expreſſed to Madame Lindorn, to whom ſhe was moſt tenderly attached, her extreme impatience to hear the particulars of Madame De Sallenci's ſad ſtory—a detail of miſery that

that muſt have been great, to have reduced the moſt beautiful woman in the world to ſo deplorable a condition—— never was there ſuch majeſty, ſuch grace combined—ſuch delicacy of features—— "Except Madame Lindorn, ſaid the faſcinating Mariena, taking her hand, "I never ſaw any ſo admirable before—my heart ſprung to meet you both, the firſt moment I beheld you: for you, deareſt Madame," ſaid ſhe, preſſing the hand ſhe had taken, "I feel the affection of a daughter—for Madame De Sallenci, that of a ſiſter."

Madame Lindorn returned the preſſure —"Would you were my daughter! I had one who would have been juſt your age." The tear aroſe—the mantling blood juſt tinged the cheek—but paſſing off, left on the countenance the character of woe that had

had been long fixed there. Mariena caught the infection—her lip quivered as ſhe changed the converſation, with the hope of diſpelling thoſe bitter remembrances from the mind of Madame Lindorn, which ſhe had inadvertently cauſed to riſe.

What a female circle had accident drawn to Montbelliard! Madame De Sallenci claimed an intereſt in the affections of Salvador—he felt ſo much for her, it embittered his hours: he conſidered himſelf a party in her diſgrace—in her wrongs: the ſon of Leichenſtein ſeemed to him to be anſwerable to her for the calamities brought upon her by his father; he reflected on her mental and perſonal attractions—the juſtneſs of her ſentiments on all ſubjects—the eaſy grace with which ſhe delivered her opinions: all paſſing in

array

array before him as he took his ſolitary walks, impreſſed him with ſo much ſorrow for her misfortunes, and ſuch eſteem, that he would have given worlds to have placed her in the ſame ſituation as before ſhe fell into the power of his father. He wiſhed much to know her ſtory; but feared to learn it from herſelf, leſt in the weak ſtate ſhe was in, loſt happineſs being recalled to her recollection by minute detail, the remembrance might hurt her feelings too much, and increaſe her bodily diſeaſe. His curioſity was raiſed to know how ſhe came into the power of the Baron, and alſo the time; for Madame De Sallenci was too young to have fallen his prey before he was married, and ſhe was too long a victim to his cruelties to have become ſuch, ſubſequent to the death of the Baroneſs his mother: it muſt then have

have been during the life-time of that angel. The thought harrowed up the ſoul of Salvador—he felt moſt poignantly his loſt mother's wrongs; but to revenge them was impoſſible. The glimmering twilight had caſt its ſhadows on the earth, when Salvador found himſelf at ſome diſtance from the Caſtle. His thoughts were occupied on ſubjects that ſo abſorbed his mind, he walked forward without conſidering that danger might arreſt his ſteps. A gentle falling brook echoed its ſoft murmurs to his ear, and by its influence increaſed the melancholy of his reflexions —he ſat him down, ruminating on all the ſad viciſſitudes of life—the tender conſtant love his mother bore her Lord—her ſweet attentions to him—her duteous, virtuous, admirable conduct—to meet with ſuch return. He traced her beauties

—the

—the lofty lovelineſs of her mien—her numerous charms—her good ſenſe—her prudence—and her gentle temper.——Did but Heaven provide him with ſuch a mate, could he be inſenſible to the treaſure he was bleſt with, and wander to another? No; his virtuous, generous, and affectionate ſoul ſhrunk at the thought. He would entwine ſuch a being round his faithful heart—he would ſhield her from the breeze—he would nurſe her like a tender plant; and, when the bloom had worn off and left the ſtalk devoid of bloſſoms, his precious love ſhould ſtill revive, and friendſhip diffuſe the ſap through all its fading branches, and tinge its falling leaves with all the beauty and ſpirit of gay, new, budding green.

The ſpring of life needs little to ſupport its new-born joys—the ſummer comes and

and adds new ſtrength and pleaſure—the autumn ſhews us miſery and pain; and ere the winter paſſes off, the meaſure of our woes is full. Such is the envied life of man, and ſuch was the fate of the angel Salvador deplored. He turned his thoughts on Julia; and the quick ſucceſſion of ideas brought him to the ſcene he witneſſed in her chamber, claſped in the arms of the Baron. His blood ran cold—the gently-murmuring brook, which but juſt now ſoothed him with melancholy pleaſure, now, to his heated brain, appeared a black tempeſtuous ſea—the trees ſo many ſhips wrecked on its boiſterous ſurface—the balmy fragrant ſhrubs and flowers, which the grey light now ſcattered around him, men toſſed from their temporary dwellings, and diſperſed o'er the ſtormy deep. His jealouſy now blazed up afreſh,

and

and his ſickened ſenſes formed ſuch dreadful fancies as almoſt to annihilate his reaſon. He ſunk his head on the cold ground—he gave way to ſenſations ſo acute, he wiſhed that death ſhould come to eaſe his pains.

The noiſe of claſhing ſwords firſt rouzed him from his reverie—he raiſed himſelf, and hearing nothing more, he ſunk again, convinced it was only the fancy of his brain. Again his thoughts wandered to his own unhappineſs, till the report of a piſtol recalled him to himſelf; when ſtarting up, the claſhing of ſwords, and confuſed ſound of voices, were a guide to the ſpot from whence they iſſued. Salvador, ever ready to aſſiſt the unfortunate, did not a moment heſitate to fly to their relief. His foot ſtruck againſt a fallen branch of a tree as he was running on—he

ſtooped

ſtooped and took it up: thus armed, he hurried on, and the moon juſt riſing, gave a faint tint to the ſurrounding objects: he called and hallooed, being ſtill at ſome diſtance, in the hope of intimidating the aſſaſſins, ſhould they prove ſuch. At his approach he perceived two men haſtily making their retreat; and, on his coming up to the ſcene of action, he found a man ſtretched on the ground, to all appearance lifeleſs: with ſome difficulty he turned him, for he was on his face—he felt his pulſe, and perceived it feebly beat—he called loudly to him, but in vain—he was quite inſenſible. The thick foliage of the trees excluded the brightneſs of the moon, and left the place where they were ſo very dark, that Salvador could not diſcern whether the man was wounded or not. In this ſtate of uncertainty he knew not what

to do:—he was a conſiderable diſtance from the Caſtle—to bring the man thither without aſſiſtance, was impoſſible; and to leave him, would be expoſing him to danger. In this dilemma, and while he endeavoured to lay the body in an eaſy poſture, he perceived ſomething juſt under it, which, on taking up, he found to be a loaded piſtol, which he immediately fired, in the hopes that the report would reach ſome of his people. In this he was not diſappointed; for Hartly, on his not appearing at ten o'clock, ſought him in his chamber—cloſet—library: but being no where to be found, the Caſtle was inſtantly in an uproar, and parties ſent out in ſearch. Hartly, Dermandoft, and Freidrach, at the head of different corps, haſtened on, uncertain which way to bend their courſe in the utmoſt anxiety and terror.

terror. The anguiſh of all the ladies in the Caſtle was much beyond deſcription; they all aſſembled in the courts, and, conducted by ſome of the Caſtle-guards, they went to the draw-bridge. Mariena firſt heard the piſtol, and, wild with terror, flew as quick as lightning; Madame Lindorn, unable herſelf to do ſo, ordered the guards to follow. The acuteneſs of Mariena's hearing—her ſympathy—or love—or ſome kind power—brought her to the very ſpot. She called on Salvador, who inſtantly anſwered; and, quick as the arrow from the bow, ſhe flew, guided by his well-known voice. The duſky light ſerved but to add to every torture of her ſoul, and throwing herſelf down beſide him, "Tell me, my Salvador, my beſt—my deareſt brother—my loved Lord—Oh! —tell me what's the matter?—Wounded—

dead—deſtroyed!"—She ſhrieked, and fell back, at once overwhelmed with fright and fatigue. Salvador's aſtoniſhment had taken from him all power of ſpeech, when he firſt learnt by her voice who it was that ſo opportunely arrived to his aſſiſtance; but rouſed by her fainting, he gave the wounded man in care to his guards, and all his ſoul was occupied alone by Mariena.

The guards fired off their pieces, in the hopes that all the parties that were out would join them, never once recollecting the agonies it would cauſe to thoſe tender hearts that remained in the Caſtle. After ſomewhat recovering, the thought ſtruck Salvador: "Quick—fly—one of you," ſaid he, "and tell the ladies we are ſafe." "Safe!" ſaid Mariena, "is then my Salvador ſafe?" She preſſed his hand, and

and put it to her heart. "I thought you dead," ſaid ſhe, "dear Salvador!—I thought you dead; but tell me—tell me all—you are cold—you are ſick—perhaps you are wounded? Why did you leave us to wander in the night? You know not, indeed you know not what we have ſuffered; but if you have eſcaped—if you are not hurt——"

"No, my loved angel," interrupted Salvador, loſt in admiration of her warmth, her feeling, and her ſtrong attachment to him: "No, my beloved angel, your Salvador was in no danger—in no wiſe hurt, and from this moment begins to live. He preſſed her to his heart: tears burſt from the eyes of Mariena—the ſoft preſſure and eager words of Salvador covered her with confuſion: ſhe had betrayed, in the moment of terror for his

life, the ſecret of her heart; and as ſhe leaned upon his arm returning to the Caſtle, neither could ſpeak: the ſoul of Salvador was ſoftened—his heart was touched—a flame pure as poſſeſſed by celeſtial ſpirits aroſe, and kindled into love.

The ſick man was borne a back way into the Caſtle, and Salvador led Mariena into the great hall: ſurpriſed that none of the ladies met them, they hurried to the drawing-room, where they found the terrors of Madame Lindorn, on hearing the firing, had thrown her into the moſt alarming ſtate of inſenſibility. She exclaimed to Madame Le Sac, "He is gone for ever—he has fallen into the hands of his cruel father, and tortures and death await him;" ſaying which, ſhe fell back, and was borne into the Caſtle ſenſeleſs. All the powers of Mr. Daulht the

ſurgeon

ſurgeon were not ſufficient to bring her to herſelf. All the moſt alarming fears were awakened for her life, and every ſoul in the Caſtle mourned with unaffected and real grief. Salvador ſat in ſilent woe by the ſide of her bed—Madame Le Sac and Mariena were the perfect pictures of deſpair—poor Madame de Sallenci loved her as a ſiſter, and every feeling of a ſenſitive heart was alive to her ſituation. At length the dawn appeared, and Mr. Dauhlt thought he perceived ſome ſigns of returning life—her pulſe had never entirely ſtopped, but it had beat languid for ſo many hours, that he feared each moment would ceaſe for ever: but now hope was once more renewed—ſhe opened her eyes; they fixed for a moment on Salvador, and cloſed again. He ſprung up, and caught her hand; "My ſecond mother," he ex-

claimed, " my kind—my beſt—my tender friend." She once again raiſed her eyes—a ſmile of ſweet content ſat on her lips—but death ſeemed ſettled at her heart. He turned to Mariena, who was drowned in tears. " Do not weep, dear Mariena," ſaid he, " do not weep——" and he wept while he uttered it.

The Caſtle clock ſtruck ten—ſtill Madame Lindorn continued in a moſt alarming ſtate; but ſome medicines, adminiſtered by Mr. Daulht, appearing about twelve to take effect, hope again revived: each hour now brought ſome amending ſymptom; and, in a ſhort time, this moſt excellent and juſtly-admired woman was once more reſtored to health and to her friends.

CHAP.

## CHAP. V.

*A ſecond paſſion accounted for from different cauſes and effects.—The dreadful feelings of a mind diſeaſed with vice.*

IN the mean time the wounded ſtranger was taken every care of by Mr. Daulht: though quite forgotten by Salvador and Mariena, their nearer ſorrow for Madame Lindorn preoccupied their minds too much to think of remote evils. When Mr. Daulht inſiſted on all the ladies returning to reſt, of which they ſtood really ſo much in need, and they had all complied; then Salvador, for the firſt time, recollecting his gueſt, inquired about him, and felt

ſhocked at his own want of humanity in not doing ſo before. He found he had been deſperately wounded, but not mortally; and he accompanied Mr. Daulht in a viſit to him. He was very faint, from loſs of blood—he looked his thanks to Salvador; but when Mr. Daulht informed him it was the Baron Montbelliard who had come to his relief, and was now before him, he eſſayed to ſpeak; but Salvador, interrupting him, ſaid, "It muſt not be—he muſt join his endeavours with thoſe of the ſurgeon's, to prevent a fever." The gentleman looked aſſent; and Salvador, earneſtly requeſting him, ſaid, "It muſt not be—he muſt join his endeavours with thoſe of the ſurgeons, to prevent a fever." The gentleman looked aſſent; and Salvador, earneſtly requeſting that he would conſider every thing at the Caſtle perfectly

fectly at his command, left him and retired to his chamber: he ſunk fatigued upon the bed, and ſlept for many hours. On his awaking, he joined the family at a late dinner; but he now for the firſt time perceived he could no longer addreſs Mariena in the brotherly character he had aſſumed previous to the late ſcene in the foreſt: all the timidity of a lover took poſſeſſion of him, and he felt extremely embarraſſed. The crimſoned cheek of Mariena ſhewed that the ſame ſenſation poſſeſſed her alſo: when ſhe thanked him in reply to his tender enquiries after her health, ſhe turned her large blue orbs upon him with ſuch expreſſion—ſuch ſoftneſs, gratitude, and affection—every correſpondent beauty of her lovely face was heightened by the ſweet cadences that fell from her tongue, and Salvador gazed

in ecſtaſy on the charming creature who but a few hours before taught him to believe there yet exiſted a being fraught with real good, who had given him her whole heart abſtracted from any intereſted view: and he might now be ſaid to have firſt known what love was; for what he had felt for Julia could not properly be called by that name.

The character of Julia would never have gained the affections of ſuch a heart as Salvador's, had their acquaintance commenced at the age of their ſeparation; his diſpoſition, tender and alive to all the ſofter touches of the heart, formed in the tender cradle an infantine paſſion for his blooming companion, which, from his peculiar turn of mind, and the encouragement of his mother the Baroneſs, increaſed with his years, and, as he grew to man,

man, became to him as it were an habit: with all the milder virtues, he poſſeſſed that ardour of ſoul which inflames the paſſions, while his exquiſite ſenſibility made him tremblingly alive to ſorrow, and all the concomitant evils particularly attendant on thoſe high-wrought diſpoſitions. Enchanted by Julia's beauty, he was led on by that deſire of loving, ſo natural at his age, and by that confidence that gives extreme youth up without reſerve to the firſt object that becomes intereſting.

At the death of the Baroneſs his ſorrows took a ſofter ſhade: he deeply mourned her loſs; and as he dwelt upon her extreme attachment to him, he formed a model on her virtues and ſentiments for his future wife. His mind dwelt internally on thoſe airy dreams, from which he was awakened

awakened by Julia's being preſented at the Engliſh Court. Alarmed by the idea of loſing her, he began to conſider her more minutely; but his own great worth, and high ſenſe of honour, prevented the development of either her real character or that of the Baron his father; and of courſe, the inveſtigation did not bring to him that immediate proof, that a mind leſs pure than Salvador's would have gained. Julia's perfidy and debaſement, and his father's infamy, cauſed too great a ſhock to his mind; and the immediate death of his friend, and alſo that of his faithful ſervant, were a ſucceſſion of events, that fell too heavily on his heart: his wounded ſpirit could not bear up againſt the accumulation of ſorrow; and having none to whom he could turn, he became the

lonely

lonely wanderer, repreſented in the former part of this work.

Mariena firſt drew him from himſelf: his diſcovery and reſcue of her in ſome meaſure tranquillized his ſtill agitated ſpirits—her company and gentle manners facilitated the happy change; and when he parted from her, ſhe became an object on which he often turned. Madame Lindorn's many excellencies alſo brought another object to reflect upon, all which ſerved to calm his troubled mind, and draw him from retroſpections, which had before kept him in a ſtate of abſtracted madneſs, when Hylax, as his mother's gift, was all the world to him.

The late ſcenes at Leichenſtein, and the horrors which ſtruck him at the knowledge of his father's crimes, again excoriated a mind ſore from the recent diſtreſs

at

at Mariena's being carried off and conſequent danger; but her return in ſafety calmed again his ſoul: the joy he felt on it gave him new life; and the diſcovery of her love, at a moment when reflection had thrown his thoughts into a particular agitation, we may almoſt ſay, completed his happineſs. Love flowed in, and took poſſeſſion, ſole poſſeſſion, of all his faculties: his ſorrows were ſuſpended, and his heart, which had been ſo long in the habit of ſuffering, no longer mourned. The gloom to which we find him ſo extremely prone, wore off: before this period all his reflections pointed out the miſeries he ſuffered, and the agitations of one day made him dread the coming of the next; but Mariena now ſoftened the paſt, brought joy to the preſent, and in the future promiſed all the enthuſiaſm of happineſs, that even

even the now-ſanguine Salvador can hope for.

Thus we have accounted for the ſecond paſſion of a character whoſe virtues only are to be dreaded by his friends. Faults he certainly poſſeſſed, but none that could be properly called ſo. He reſigned himſelf with all the ardour of his diſpoſition to his love; and finding daily more and more perfections in Mariena, his cup ſeemed full, overflowing with abundant happineſs; and he began to think his former reflexions on the evils of this world were the fancies of a dejected mind. He now viewed things through a different medium, which reverſed the whole picture, the prominent features of which preſented all the gay pleaſures of life: the miſeries and misfortunes were thrown in perſpective; and could he give peace and

happineſs

happineſs to Madame De Sallenci, reſtore her to her former days of innocence and bliſs, reſcue his father from the path of ſin, in which he had long rioted, and rouze him to an abhorrence of his crimes, to a love of virtue and ſincere repentance, the meaſure of Salvador's bliſs would then be full indeed.

It is not eaſy to imagine a ſtate more truly deplorable than that to which the Baron of Leichenſtein was reduced, under the dark ſuggeſtions of an evil mind. The recollection of repeated crimes, the dreads and fears attendant on ſuch guilt as his, began to harrow up his ſoul. The phantoms of pleaſure, he had with ſuch avidity purſued, ever eluded his graſp: he knew himſelf to be the object of hatred and inveterate diſlike—that no tear would fall at his death; and that even almoſt every menial

nial in his ſervice wiſhed to be liberated from a ſlavery his violence rendered miſerable. He ſought to obviate unknown dangers—he became afraid of every perſon that approached—jealouſy and ſuſpicion embittered every hour of his exiſtence.

About this time a gentleman arrived at Leichenſtein, and remained ſome days. The Baron became more and more gloomy every hour: after repeated conferences, they parted in anger, and the furious Baron was almoſt bereft of life and ſenſe. At all hours of the night he awaked his ſervants; he went to bed when others roſe, and roſe when others retired to reſt. This change in his conduct alarmed all his houſehold—melancholy and gloom reigned through the Caſtle, and every man was accounting with his fellow what could be the cauſe of ſuch confuſion, and

ſeemed

ſeemed to dread what was to come. The Baron, amid all the tumult of his mind, perceived this change. There is in human nature an inherent principle, ſuſpicion, when we are conſcious of meriting being the ſubjects of it: this alarming ſuſpicion, with all its concomitant terrors, now ſtruck upon the Baron's heart; he thought he ſaw in every face around a knowledge of his crimes; and all the ſelf-ſecurity he hoped to derive from Zoderiſki's death, vaniſhed; and he was convinced that in his laſt moments he had made diſcoveries, which were extended to every member of the Caſtle. The figures alſo of thoſe he had murdered haunted his terrified imagination—the troubled ſpirit of Zoderiſki, in his dreams, warned him of his approaching fate, with all the attendant horrors of conſcious guilt. The ſpectre

that

that held the bowl each night drew up the curtains of his bed, ſtood at the bed's foot, and beckoned him away. This was kept off only by paſſing the night in noiſe and tumult, with vicious women, and an exceſs of wine; and by ſeeking repoſe only during day-time; when, under pretence of ſpaſms, he always kept his valet in his chamber while he ſlept. He divided his houſehold: one half kept his hours; the other, thoſe that are uſual. At length buſineſs obliged him to go to Berlin, where he was to remain a ſhort time: he ſet off, and to their infinite joy left behind him reſt and peace to thoſe unhappy dependants who feared to quit, and yet were loth to ſtay.

CHAP.

## CHAP. VI.

*Which contains a wonderful diſcovery.*

THE wounded gentleman had a long confinement—life was ſometimes doubtful; but Mr. Daulht's infinite and unwearied attention proved at laſt ſucceſsful. When he was able to be removed from his chamber, which was not till after many weeks, he was ſtill reſtricted to the ſociety of Meſdames Lindorn and Le Sac; Salvador and M. Daulht never permitting more than two perſons in the room at the ſame time. After ſome ſhort time of returning health, his perſon appeared to be tall and majeſtic: it was eaſily

eaſily ſeen his face had been remarkably handſome; but ſorrow more than time ſeemed to have made a deeper impreſſion on the lineaments of it. The colour in his cheeks was faded, but not quite gone, and when any thought agitated his mind, or any retroſpective ideas of paſt ſcenes glanced over his imagination, the warm glow would mount, and ſhew, by its enlivening tint, years had not robbed it of its youthful hue. Under all his pain he was patient and reſigned; he bore with manly firmneſs the excruciating operations that from neceſſity were performed; yet it was a long time before a ball, which had paſſed into his breaſt, could be extracted; at length, however, after ſuffering torture the moſt extreme, it was effected. Mild and gentle to his attendants, he won their hearts; and when Salvador has ſurpriſed

priſed him in tears, his ſympathetic ſoul mourned his ſorrow, though ignorant of its ſource.

Madame De Sallenci promiſed to acquaint her friends with the hiſtory of her life; but ſhe begged leave to write it for their peruſal, as her lungs were ſo affected ſhe could not ſpeak long enough at a time, to make it agreeable to hear repeated: and this, ſhe ſaid, would take ſome time; her reduced ſtate not admitting much application. She paſſed an hour or two every evening in the drawing-room, and thoſe were the brighteſt of the day, where wit and elegance enlivened, and where the firſt female talents ſhone forth, in all the charms that information and high-wrought genius gives the mind; and where neither ſpleen, malevolence, nor ſcandal, ſeemed to be in the poſſeſſion of one of the circle; where

where neither envy, ſatire, nor ſeverity dwelt, and where good humour, poliſhed manners, and all the advantages of education and high-birth, gave a zeſt to converſation. The chaplain was a man of great erudition, and Mr. Daulht one of the moſt agreeable companions, with a heart worthy of the imitation of the world.

Salvador now ſaw himſelf at the height of all his wiſhes: every moment of his time was enjoyed and filled up with all that was deſirable; the woman he was going to be united to was every thing his fondeſt hopes had pictured; and, to make his bliſs complete, in many of her ſentiments, ſhe brought the Baroneſs to his mind, and this endeared her doubly to him. She had that elevation of mind, that was a peculiar trait in the character of that exalted lady, which prevented her

diſſembling her real ſentiments: all that candour, delicacy, and innocence, aided by ſound ſenſe, and elevated opinions, formed ſuch a being as Salvador thought did not exiſt for him.

Mr. Daulht promiſed that his patient ſhould attend their tea-table the following night; and from the character given of him by thoſe who had been in the habit of ſeeing him daily, Madame de Sallenci and Mariena were on the tip-toe of impatience and curioſity to meet him. The ruffians, by whom he was attacked, were diligently ſought after, but no intelligence whatever could be gained. It was a circumſtance that ſurpriſed Salvador extremely: no robberies had been lately committed in that part of the foreſt ſo near the Caſtle—it was conſidered as an uncommon and very daring thing. The gentleman

gentleman could give no other account than that he had been ſet upon by four men in the dark; that they ſeemed rather inclined to make a priſoner of him, than put him to death; and that he ſuppoſed, from their manner, that had he ſurrendered himſelf up to them peaceably, he ſhould have eſcaped the wounds he received; but that, having been for many years in the army, he had ſome advantage of them in the uſe of arms, and that putting himſelf againſt a tree, he defended himſelf for a long time; but at laſt he muſt have fallen or ſurrendered to their ſuperior force, had it not been for the timely arrival of Salvador, which alarmed them, and they fled.

This account gave very juſt cauſe of ſuſpicion, that the Baron of Leichenſtein had hired bravoes, who had miſtaken the

ſtranger for Salvador, with whom Madame Lindorn had ſome converſation on the ſubject. To make his friends eaſy, he did not wander on foot into any of the diſtant grounds; and when he rode, he was attended by men well armed. Thus they were all free from that alarm which had hitherto kept them from knowing peace, and the Caſtle at this period enjoyed a ſweet calm — all but Madame De Sallenci; her wounds were too deep ever to be healed: ſhe, however, joined the family every evening for two hours, and this intercourſe certainly improved her ſpirits. Her attachment to Mariena was extreme; ſhe wiſhed for her almoſt any time of the day, and all day long, and they generally entered the drawing-room together. This evening, the firſt that the ſtranger made his appearance out

of

of his chamber, he was ſeated on an eaſy couch when they entered the room; and on Salvador's leading them up to him (for he was yet unable to move without help), he perceived his viſage pale, and every limb ſeemed to ſhake. Wonder—dread—joy—and all the various ſhades of mingled emotions, paſſed in quick ſucceſſion over his features; totally unable to articulate, he made no effort, but gazing on Mariena, and then on Madame De Sallenci—now pale, now red, by turns. "Merciful Heaven!" at length, exclaimed Madame De Sallenci, "my dear brother!" and fainted in the arms of Salvador, who all this time ſtood in mute aſtoniſhment between the two ladies. Madame Lindorn and Madame Le Sac now flew to the aſſiſtance of Madame De Sallenci; and when ſhe was ſufficiently recovered, they

were removing her to a ſofa, where Mariena was attending her. "Oh! do not, do not leave me," ſaid the ſtranger, recovering his voice—"do not leave me, my child," ſaid he, "do not leave me, for my heart acknowledges you for its long-loſt Mariena—the child of my adored wife: the treaſure ſhe left me is now aſſuredly before me. Tell me—know you your father, mother, or family?——ſpeak, and rid me of ſenſations too great for either my ſtrength or reaſon——know you the name of De Vieille Cour?" "De Vieille Cour!" faintly ſcreamed Madame De Sallenci, Oh! who knows that loved, that by me never-to-be-forgotten name? O my Antoinette!—my ſiſter!—my adored Antoinette!"——"Antoinette——ſiſter——" loudly exclaimed the ſick gentleman; "what ſounds are theſe? Can it—Oh! can it—

it—No, it cannot be Julia De Sallenci—and yet her voice——" "O yes—yes!" ſaid Madame De Sallenci, hardly reſpiring, "it is—it is Julia—it is the ſiſter of my De Vieille Cour." She aroſe, and with with quick trepidation croſſed the room, and threw herſelf into the arms of the Count De Vieille Cour, for it was he, the huſband of Madame de Sallenci's only and much-loved ſiſter Antoinette. Joy now ſoon yielded to its equal wonder, and, in the tumult of contending emotions, ſhe ſcarce knew what firſt to interrogate of: ſhe ſcarcely dared to truſt her ſenſes; but the voice of the Count, though tremulous, diſſolved in a moment the illuſions of fear, and confirmed her in the reality that it was he, whom ſhe had mourned as dead before ſhe was torn from her dear father's protection, he whom all loved and eſ-

teemed living, and lamented as dead, the illuſtrious and amiable Count De Vieille Cour.

" Tell me," ſaid the Count, when he had a little recovered himſelf from the tranſports of again beholding the ſiſter of his beloved wife, for whom he had ever conceived a brotherly regard—" tell me," ſaid he, " Julia, is not this my Mariena—my child—the daughter of my Antoinette?"

" Alas!" ſaid Madame De Sallenci, " my heart, from the firſt moment I ſaw her, acknowledged her for ſuch; but ah! the amiable Mariena, who would be an ornament to the moſt exalted rank, knows not any one circumſtance that can lead to the developement of her birth." The ſtrong emotions that agitated the breaſts of all preſent, but particularly thoſe of the Count,

Count, Mariena, Madame De Sallenci, and Salvador, are not to be expreſſed; expectation ſat on every countenance, while the Count held Mariena's hand and gazed on her face and form. "She muſt be my child," ſaid he—"I feel it at my heart, every fibre of which ſtrains to meet her; but there is one circumſtance that may enſure our wiſhes: have you, deareſt Madam, on the middle of your right arm, between your ſhoulder and elbow, a large brown mark in the exact form of a mouſe?

"O yes!—yes!—my father!" ſaid Mariena, throwing herſelf into his arms, "Oh!—my father!"

He preſſed, he ſtrained her to his heart; he wept over her: the remembrance of his Antoinette ſhook his ſoul—the ſudden and unexpected recovery of his long-loſt child, and the ever-lamented ſiſter of his heart,

cauſed in him the ſtrongeſt emotions. But he ſtrength of the ever-fond and affectionate Madame De Sallenci was quite unequal to the taſk of bearing her through ſo pathetic a ſcene. Sudden joy, which has as powerful effects as its oppoſite ſorrow, operated on her ſo ſtrongly on this delightful diſcovery, that her cheek again grew pale, and ſhe fell into a fainting fit: all her ſtrength of mind was not ſufficient to ſupport the feelings that ruſhed upon her heart at paſt recollection, and ſhe was carried ſenſeleſs to bed.

This would have been a moment of happineſs the moſt complete to Mariena, to have found a father, and ſuch a father—had it not been for the ſad ſituation of Madame De Sallenci: her heart melted with ſorrow, which allowed her being ſenſible to nothing but the danger of her friend:

friend: all her thoughts were engroſſed by it, nor would it permit the entrance of the leaſt ray of joy; her whole time and attention were devoted to her new-found aunt, her Madame De Sallenci.

The Count could not doubt Mariena's being his daughter; he examined the mark on her arm; that, and the name of Mariena, were too glaring proofs of her identity: however a truſty ſervant was ſent off to the convent, from whence ſhe had been taken to England, to learn every thing that could be gleaned from the minuteſt inquiry; the particulars of her firſt entry into the convent—thoſe by whom ſhe was placed there: all the circumſtances that could tend to elucidate and clear up the myſtery, were ſtrictly ſearched into.

## CHAP. VII.

**Lovely in death the beauteous ruin lay.**

YOUNG.

AS Salvador and the Count De Vieille Cour were one day converſing on the expected intelligence from the convent, they were alarmed by Mr. Daulht's ſending to requeſt they would both inſtantly fly to the apartment of Madame De Sallenci, who was dangerouſly ill, ſo much ſo, he could not for a moment leave her. Shocked at ſuch a ſummons, they both looked at each other in ſilent aſtoniſhment. Salvador, taking the Count by the arm, helped him on as faſt as his feeble ſtate would permit; [illegible] can deſcribe their conſternation,

ſternation, when they found their utmoſt expectation was not ſufficient to catch one laſt look—to exchange one laſt adieu! The pure ſpirit of the intereſting unfortunate Madame Sallenci had fled its mortal priſon, and winged its way to bliſs: in the prime of youth—at the age of twenty-ſix—juſt as a flower cut down by the plough, pines away in death, ſo fell this hapleſs fair.

The Count, with folded hands and outſtretched arms, gazed in deſpair on the face of his beloved ſiſter, that face which even in death was lovely. A ſmile ſeemed to play about her mouth: there was an expreſſion of ſweet reſignation on her countenance; death ſeemed to her a kind releaſe, which ſhe welcomed as a friend her ſoul long thirſted after.

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" And

"And art thou gone!" ſaid the Count De Vieille Cour, "gone, juſt as I had found thee!" He ſunk on the bed beſide her—he preſſed her cold hands within his—he laid his cheek to hers—he kiſſed her pale lips, and poured his ſighs and tears into her cold boſom. "O my Antoinette!" exclaimed he, "the laſt of all thy family is now no more; the tomb will ſoon encloſe all thy dear line, which I have loved as mine own. Oh! my ſon," ſaid he, turning with ſtreaming eyes to Salvador, "had you beheld this angel as I did, at the age of ſeventeen, beloved by all who were capable of diſtinguiſhing the purity of her character! while the general admiration of her perſonal attractions engaged the multitude, ſhe only, of all the world, appeared unconſcious of her perfections: gifted with every captivating

advantage

advantage of nature, the fire and ingenuouſneſs that lived in her eyes, ſhewed you the quick perception of her intelligent mind, ere her lips unfolded to you the cultivated underſtanding ſhe poſſeſſed. Years at that early period of her life did not ſeem wanting to perfect her knowledge; for with all the playfulneſs of youth, ſhe combined the experience and information of age. Such was the lovely being who now lies breathleſs before us, ſuch the angel, whoſe hard fate I ſhall ever lament. But tell me," ſaid he, addreſſing Mr. Dauhlt, and raiſing himſelf from the bed, "Oh! tell me, how came this ſudden diſſolution, ſo very ſudden as not to allow one parting word?" Mr. Daulht informed him, that the attendant on Madame De Sallenci, finding her perfectly quiet long after her uſual time of riſing, concluded

concluded ſhe had not ſlept through the night, and ſuppoſing her to be in a profound ſleep, was extremely cautious of making the leaſt noiſe, leſt ſhe might diſturb her; when ſuddenly hearing her make an uncommon noiſe, ſhe haſtily aroſe, and ſtripping the clothes from off her face and neck, ſhe perceived her to be in her laſt moments, when hurrying off to me," ſaid Mr. Daulht, "ſhe alarmed every one ſhe met in her way; and on my arrival at the bed of the deceaſed, ſhe yet breathed. I then ſent off to you, M. le Comte, and, in the interim, adminiſtered every thing without effect: and, a moment before you entered, ſhe breathed her laſt, ſeemingly conſcious of her own diſſolution, and perfectly ſenſible, though her ſpeech was gone.

"Alas

"Alas! alas!" ſaid the Count, again throwing himſelf on the bed, "and art thou gone for ever?" Tears rolled down his manly face, and all his own woes ſeemed to be renewed.

Mariena, rouſed from her own ſorrows by the violent grief of her father, threw herſelf on her knees before him, and beſought him to take comfort; he raiſed her from the ground, and folding her to his heart, "O thou!" ſaid he, "the ſingle treaſure Heaven has permitted me to retain of all it once beſtowed, thou my daughter, my own Mariena, the living image of my loſt Antoinette; come to my heart, and fill up theſe vacancies which that cruel tyrant Death has cauſed there; come, and unite in thy dear ſelf all I have loſt."

This

was harraſſed by the moſt poignant ſufferings from his exquiſite ſenſibility, the Count was deploring the fate of Salvador attaching himſelf to a woman whom misfortune had thrown out of the reach of ſuch felicity.

At the moment of Mr. Daulht's meſſage to attend the chamber of the ſick, Salvador was leading to an explanation of his love for Mariena with the Count: he had for many days reflected on the ſubject, and was deterred from it only by the horror he felt at being obliged to diſcloſe the relative ſituation he ſtood in with the man who had deſtroyed the ſiſter of the Count de Vieille Cour, and who had twice ſtolen his daughter with ſimilar intentions. The mind, like the eye, magnifies objects it reſts too long upon; and the more Salvador reflected, the more impoſſible he ſuppoſed it,

it, that the Count could agree to his daughter's marriage with the ſon of that man who had been ſuch an enemy to his houſe; for though he had ſhewn a faultleſs example in his own life, he did not flatter himſelf that that would be ſufficient. His father's errors—his enormities—his horrid crimes, embittered every hour of the worthy Salvador, who thought too deeply of them, not to dread the diſadvantage they muſt prove to himſelf in that point on which he had reſted the happineſs of his future days.

The Count De Vieille Cour knew the circumſtance of Madame De Sallenci being carried off; but neither he, nor any of the family, could ever learn by whom. Leichenſtein, and his minion Zoderiſki, were too great adepts in ſuch matters, to leave a clue by which they could be traced. Fate

ſeemed

ſeemed to fix upon Salvador as the engine by which all the dark deeds of his father were to be brought to light; though he was at liberty to ſhew no other ſenſe of his father's crimes, than by preſenting to the world in his own perſon a character directly oppoſite. He had a ſoul ſo ductile, that in childhood it had imbibed all thoſe virtuous ſentiments which, in riper years, proved the wealth of that harveſt the firſt of monitors had ſown with ſuch ſkill and care, as gave an early promiſe of yielding a full crop to the judicious tiller of the ſoil.

The Count De Vieille Cour acknowledged the high-wrought ſentiments, the noble diſpoſition of the Baron Montbelliard: he ſecretly cheriſhed the fond hope of calling him ſon from the moment he diſcovered his daughter; and while he deplored

plored the futility of ſchemes formed on our own ſhort-ſighted judgments, he lamented the total end to his project, and threw it altogether from his mind. His thoughts inſtantly recurred to the late diſmal ſcene—he gave himſelf up to his melancholy in his own apartment; but he did not wiſh to diſtreſs either his daughter, or any of his kind and amiable friends, who ſympathiſed ſo much in his ſorrow, by making them participators of it. He ſent therefore to the Baron, requeſting his permiſſion to ſhut himſelf up for a few days, as his ſpirits would not permit him to make one of the family, until the tumult of his mind had ſubſided in ſome degree to a more placid ſtate than he could then boaſt. His daughter ſpent much of her time with him, endeavouring with all her powers to heal the deep wounds that lacerated

lacerated his heart. Thus Salvador was left to himſelf, at a time when his mind wanted the kind ſoothings of friendſhip to eaſe the ſufferings that bore too hard upon him; for Madame Lindorn was unable through illneſs to leave her chamber. The declining health of that moſt invaluable woman was to him another ſource of pain: her frame was delicate, almoſt to fragility; and he feared her unexampled ſufferings had worked too powerfully, and that her conſtitution would give way.

Impreſſed with ſo many ſad images, he yielded to the entreaty of Hartly, who watched his every look, to take a ſhort ride in the environs of the Caſtle; and after a lonely and melancholy dinner, Salvador mounted his horſe, and ſlowly ſauntered along, careleſs of the way he ſhould go. Dermandoft, on ſeeing the Baron

ſtretching

ſtretching beyond the limits he wiſhed him not to exceed, and fearing leſt he might unwarily get into danger, quickly ſummoned ten of the ſtouteſt and braveſt fellows of the houſehold; and arming them, he followed at a diſtance the ſteps of Salvador. Hartly had often begged his Lord would keep nearer the Caſtle, where he would be near the protection of his people, and where no invaders would venture; but Hartly beſeeched in vain—the Baron was intently muſing, and neither heard nor heeded the advice of his ſervant. They had entered a narrow winding encloſed paſs, thickly wooded at each ſide; the turf under their horſes feet prevented the leaſt ſound, and in the dead calm the bark of Hylax, who attended his maſter, made Hartly ſtart. "Return, return, my Lord," cried he; "you have indeed choſen the moſt

unfrequented path; do, pray my Lord, let me entreat you to beware of your ſituation; conſider at leaſt, if you have no regard for your own ſafety, conſider Madame Lindorn, the Lady Mariena, the Count De Vieille Cour, and that villain Zoderiſki's laſt words."

"It is too late," exclaimed ſeveral voices; and in a moment, out flew a concourſe of armed men in two bodies before and behind Salvador, which completely hemmed him in, and cut off all poſſibility of eſcape. A man concealed under a maſk, who ſeemed to bear authority, ordered that the two perſons ſhould be carried off with all poſſible diſpatch. Hartly drew a dagger, which he never went without, and on the inſtant of Salvador being ſeized, buried it in the ruffian's heart; and turning quick upon another who grappled with him, he ſent a well-directed thruſt under

under his right breaſt, which entering ſome vital part, he inſtantly dropped from his horſe.

The lane was ſo extremely narrow, that the aſſailants had no advantage from their numbers, not being able in a body to get up to the ſpot where Salvador and Hartly were: and now the two dead bodies with their horſes filled up the ſpace ſo cloſely, that as they advanced, Salvador and Hartly might have killed many of them, without a poſſibility of their own eſcape. The man who wore the maſk, ſeeing two of his fellows fall, boldly puſhed through all impediments, calling to his men to follow and bear away their priſoners. Salvador now drew forth a dagger, which he always wore, and would have ſtabbed the maſk to the heart, but that he ſeeing his danger, drew back, and raiſing his viſor, Salvador

beheld his father: the dagger fell from his trembling hand—his faculties were ſuſpended—horror ſhook his ſoul—he was in the very act of taking away the life of him who gave him being; at the thought of being a parricide, life ſeemed on the ebb, every fibre beat, and his overcharged ſpirits ſought relief in a deep and long-drawn groan. Dermandoft at this time coming up and engaging with the rear of Leichenſtein's troop, which conſiſted of fifty moſt determined villains, they gave the alarm. The Baron, not knowing their force, became furious, and collaring Salvador, "Raſh boy," ſaid he, "I have got you now into my power; your boaſted ſtrength ſhall ſoon ſink beneath a father's wrongs; you now ſhall anſwer all your crimes before thoſe who have the right to judge you." So ſaying, he endeavoured

to

to pull him from his horſe. Hartly, fired to the ſoul with indignation, and burning for revenge, exclaimed, "Is this the way you ſerve your ſon, who but now gave you your life?" With that he ſprung upon the Baron, and inſtantly diſengaged Salvador, who called to him to deſiſt. "Touch my father's life," ſaid he, "and yours ſhall anſwer it."

"His life I mean not to take, my Lord," ſaid Hartly; "but by heaven he ſhall take mine, ere I ſuffer him to lead you to priſon, and to death."

"Then here's at it," ſaid Leichenſtein; and, as he raiſed his ſword, Salvador arreſted the arm, and ſaved his faithful Hartly. At that moment the arms of both Salvador and Hartly were ſeized and held down, and they were borne off by nine men, who leaped on them from off

of the ditches at either ſide: it was in vain to attempt any longer oppoſition to ſuch ſuperior force, ſo they were led away according to the will of their conductors, and thus ended the contention.

## CHAP. VIII.

*The priſon of Salvador is opportunely viſited by a friend, who brings him comfort, with the expectation of releaſe.*

DERMANDOFT, finding the numbers of the enemy too great for his ſmall body to cope with, made one priſoner, and ſen him with eight of his people to Montbeliard, with orders to aſſemble a whole hoſt of vaſſals together, and meet him in a certain

tain place with all the expedition poſſible, while he watched where Salvador and Hartly might be taken to. Freidrach begged that Dermandoft would let him have four of the men; the other four would anſwer every purpoſe, both of guarding the priſoner in ſafety, and collecting an army to reſcue their dear Lord. "We ſhall watch their ſteps," ſaid he, "while you try to gain the Caſtle of Leichenſtein, and by your knowledge of its priſons and intricate mazes, endeavour by ſtratagem to give liberty to our noble Lord, if force of arms ſhall not be able to effect it."

"Right well conſidered and contrived," ſaid Dermandoft; "and ſhould the Baron of Leichenſtein loiter on his way, look ſharp, my friend—you and your truſty followers will give a good account of him:

it would be pleaſant, on my good faith, to take him bound to Montbelliard."

"Of that I have little hope," ſaid Freidrach; "on you the reſcue of our Lord depends." "God grant us all ſucceſs!" ſaid Dermandoſt, ſpurring on his horſe, and making all the haſte he could to the Caſtle of Leichenſtein.

Mean time Salvador was tied hand and foot, a bandage put upon his eyes, and held faſt between two men, while ſeveral more guarded the carriage outſide, into which they had put him at the entrance of the foreſt. In the dead of night they halted, when, taking the bandage off of his eyes, they ſtruck a light, and gave him ſome proviſions, of which he eat but ſparingly. During the ſpace of an hour which they allowed him to reſt, he uſed every argument with them, and offered them

them great rewards to ſet him free—but in vain: they preſerved a profound ſilence during all his arguments and entreaties; and when he ceaſed to ſpeak, they told him that they never had betrayed their truſt, nor ever would: they again ſet forward, travelling all the remainder of that night and the following day, at the cloſe of which they again ſtopped, and offered more proviſions, but Salvador would not eat. They reaſſumed their journey; and in a few hours after he heard the noiſe of a portcullis, and clearly perceived his paſſing over a bridge, heavy gates opening, and the rattling of the horſes feet and carriage-wheels on the pavement of a court, whoſe echoes plainly told him he ſhould ſoon be immerged under the ponderous weight of ſome huge caſtle, entombed alive in the arched cavities of the

earth. The carriage ſtopped—the cords that had confined his limbs were taken off, and heavy chains bound each hand and foot together; he then was carried down numerous ſteps, along paſſages and turnings of great extent, when, at length, he heard a door creaking on its hinges, which he ſuppoſed brought him to the end of his tedious journey, and that he had reached the miſerable dwelling a father had prepared for him. The bandage was now taken off of his eyes, and his conductors left him to examine at leiſure the comforts of his priſon.

The bitter reflections on his uncertain deſtiny, now that he found himſelf actually impriſoned by his father, ſtruck him with a pang he never yet had felt: he was but too ſenſible he never more ſhould return to that world, in which he was only beginning to live, having only juſt found

what

what alone makes life deſirable; theſe he was torn from, and theſe he lamented. At the picture which his fancy drew of the grief of Mariena and his beloved and ever-reſpected Madame Lindorn, his heart melted with tenderneſs, and his ſorrows for their feelings exceeded much thoſe for his own ſufferings: for himſelf there was nothing but firmneſs and reſignation, and he was reſolved to bear up with encreaſing fortitude every ſhock and misfortune his father was preparing for him: his nerves ſeemed ſtrengthened to reſiſt each attack, and he determined to riſe ſuperior to adverſity. He looked around his deſolate abode, where neither light nor hope was to enter; he examined every part, but it was no way vulnerable. A grate ſo ſmall as hardly to admit a ray of light, but juſt ſufficient to ſhow him the wretchedneſs

he was but too ſenſible of. He groped around his diſmal cell, in ſearch of ſomething to reſt upon; but even the common furniture of a little ſtraw was wanting—there was nothing in this dreary place on which he could lay his head: his heart ſwelled high with indignation at the barbarous neglect, and he judged by it, that his father thirſted for his death. Wearied and faint, he ſunk down on the cold damp ground; and when he was a little reſted, he aroſe and warmed himſelf by walking backward and forward. The faint light died off by degrees, by which he judged night had cloſed in, and he tried to compoſe his thoughts to ſleep; but the cold earth was uncongenial to repoſe, and he was neceſſitated to walk about the whole of the night. The forenoon of the following day had nearly elapſed, and he began

began to think he ſhould receive no food: nature began to crave, and the fear of being ſtarved increaſed the evil by the impatience and irritation it cauſed. Hour after hour paſſed off, yet no one appeared —no ſupply was ſent, and he began to think all was over; ſo that the laſt hour of his life he reſolved to ſpend in prayer. He proſtrated himſelf before his God, and poured out his whole ſoul to his Maker; he humbly implored ſtrength to bear up againſt his misfortunes; and prayed the Almighty to change the heart of his cruel father, to take pity on his ſins, and lead his ſoul to repentance.

In the midſt of theſe devotions his attention was arreſted by a voice calling to him in the loweſt key at the iron door of his priſon; he haſtened to it with all the ſtrength he had, and ſoon recognized the voice

voice of Dermandoft. Nature, almoft exhaufted, firft demanded food: "Gracious Heaven! my good Lord," faid the worthy man, "have they left you to ftarve?—how fhall I procure you fomething to fuftain life?" "Try, feek, fearch," faid Salvador furioufly, or I die." "I have gotten fome fruit in my pocket," faid Dermandoft, "but how fhall I convey it to you?" He fearched about for fome aperture, fome crevice; at length they found the door was at leaft two inches fhorter than it fhould be, and under that he thruft fome fliced pears and apples, of which the famifhed Salvador haftily devoured fufficient to fatisfy the cravings of hunger, which had almoft driven him to madnefs. He then learnt that Dermandoft got into the Caftle, which was that of Leichenftein, by ftratagem, in the hope of

facilitating

facilitating his eſcape; that knowing all the windings and ſecret receſſes of that vaſt building, he had every reaſonable hope he ſhould effect it: beſeeching Salvador to hope the beſt, and keep up his ſpirits, he informed him that every domeſtic of the Caſtle was tired of his ſituation, from the cruelty of the Baron; and that when the troops from Montbelliard ſhould arrive, they to a man would deſert their Lord. He likewiſe further informed him, that thoſe ruffians who had taken him were hired bravoes for the purpoſe, and ſtill retained by the Baron, fearing the diſaffection of his own people. "He keeps the key himſelf of this priſon," continued Dermandoſt, and thinks you, my Lord, cannot long be an obſtacle to his wiſhes; and anticipates that when you are no more, he ſhall take poſſeſſion of Montbel-

liard

liard and all your vaſt eſtates. But I truſt in the Almighty, I ſhall yet fruſtrate all his machinations; every man of his houſehold has ſworn to me to join your people, my Lord, the moment they arrive; and by ſurrounding the Baron, and his new followers, lead your troops into the Caſtle, to take a quiet poſſeſſion of that and its mighty tyrant, and ſet you free."

The ſound and eſſence of Dermandoſt's words fell on the heart of Salvador in balmy comfort; he ſeemed ſent by Heaven to arreſt his fate. "Thou excellent, generous, and benevolent friend," ſaid Salvador, "how I long to take you to my heart! never—no never, can I reward you as you deſerve: but one thing, Dermandoſt—one thing you muſt obſerve, or you embitter my future exiſtence; my father's life muſt be ſacred—hurt not a hair of his head:

head: in your defence of me you may remember that you war with my enemy, but remember alſo that enemy is my father."

"In obedience, my Lord, to your mandate, the Baron, your father, muſt be ſafe; but oh! what virtue fills that breaſt, that under ſuch circumſtances wills it to be ſo!"

"Enough, enough," ſaid Salvador, diſſolving into tears; when ſuddenly recollecting Hartly, he impatiently enquired after him.

Dermandoft had diſcovered the place of his confinement—it was quite at the other ſide of the Caſtle; and by the deſcription Salvador knew it to be the firſt horrid place on the winding ſtaircaſe which he had diſcovered prior to his finding the hapleſs Madame de Sallenci. He heaved a ſigh

a ſigh to her memory; and Dermandoſt, fearing the Baron might viſit the priſon, retired.

## CHAP. IX.

**Revenge is painful in the intent, and it is dangerous in the execution: ſeldom doth the axe fall where he who lifted it up intended; and lo, he remembereth not that it muſt recoil againſt him.**

ECONOMY OF HUMAN LIFE.

IN the mean time the mind of the Baron was agitated with the moſt direful paſſions: what he ſo long and ſo ardently ſought for, he had now accompliſhed; his ſon was totally in his power, and he had ſeveral villains ready to execute any orders he might give concerning him; yet fear and

and policy made him heſitate—he had not as yet determined what ſhould be his death, or whether he ſhould die: he had left him without proviſions, not that he had abſolutely fixed on ſtarving him to death, but he was himſelf his jailer, and he had ſome idea of viſiting him, when he ſuppoſed nature would be nearly exhauſted, the mind weakened, and the ſtrong deſire of life, a certain concomitant of that kind of expected death, ſhould make him ready to accede to ſuch terms as the Baron would demand, to eaſe him in ſome pecuniary diſtreſſes far more to be dreaded than death himſelf. Leichenſtein, thus irreſolute, lay for ſome time pondering by what means he might attract his ſon's wealth into his own coffers, his valet ſitting beſide him; for he had, ſince he returned from Berlin, dropped the hours of day-light

day-light for repoſe, and only took the precaution of having a ſervant with him during the whole night. At laſt he determined as ſoon as it was day to viſit Salvador, and make his own terms, for he had ſome hovering dreads over his mind of not being able to accompliſh the deſtruction of his ſon with ſafety to himſelf; and he thought it better, if he could obtain his property, to let him live: on the other hand, Mariena was a ſtrong inducement to urge him to his death, as, in taking poſſeſſion of the Caſtle of Montbelliard, ſhe would of courſe fall into his hands; but the diſſatisfaction of his people, and Dermandoft, of whom he had the moſt ſerious fears, rendered it more than probable that his own life might fall a ſacrifice to the rage and fidelity of his ſon's vaſſals.

All

All theſe conſiderations operated ſo powerfully, that ſelf-ſecurity turned the balance—he no longer wavered; and though it was not yet near day, he aroſe and dreſſed, fearful leſt Salvador might have faſted too long, and that death might have ſeized upon him; which, according to his preſent mode of thinking, would not prove ſo deſirable a circumſtance. He ordered, therefore, his valet to fetch a bottle of wine, and ſome cakes, and follow him into the north veſtibule: he took his taper, and deſcending ſlowly, he was not kept long waiting; he took from his valet thoſe refreſhments he had ordered, and diſmiſſed him. He then placed the bottle, a glaſs, and the cakes, in his pockets, and deſcended into the deep damp vaults, whoſe unwholeſome and loathſome vapours

ſtruck

ſtruck a ſhivering over the whole frame of Leichenſtein.

It was about the hour of two, as he paſſed theſe ſubterraneous paſſages that led to the priſon of his ſon; the wind bleŵ from the north—it howled along the dreary narrow winding ways—he felt a tremor at his heart; total darkneſs, in caſe his taper ſhould be blown out, would be his lot; he feared, ſhould that happen, he might be loſt in the intricacies of theſe vaſt cavities: it was once or twice nearly extinguiſhed—his heart beat high—the glaſs in his pocket rung againſt the bottle, and the Baron ſtarted: with trembling ſteps he turned a ſharp corner, and, looking forward, the well-known ghaſtly ſpectre ſtruck his ſight: terror ſeized him—he reeled—his limbs no longer yielded him ſupport, and he fell to the ground. The

falling

falling of the lamp he carried resounded through the vaulted passages most horribly, and was succeeded by deep and dreadful groans: innumerable sighs seemed to come upon him, and he sunk his head in total insensibility.

The day had hardly dawned when Dermandoft was at the prison door of Salvador, provided with nourishment more proper for his weakened stomach than the fruit he had so timely administered. He wrapped up some nice eatables in thin slices, in clean white paper, just thick enough to pass under the door; and when he softly knocked, he found that Salvador was asleep. Fearful of being surprised, he left the things thrust in as far as he could, that Salvador might eat as soon as he awoke; he then softly and on tiptoe pursued his way to the chamber of his friend, who afforded

forded him ſuch a ſure and ſecret retreat. Juſt as he reached a window which commanded a view over the ramparts, he ſaw a large body of troops ſcouring down the hill: their aim was not to ſurpriſe the Caſtle; they came with noiſe and tumult, trumpets ſounding, colours flying, as if to ſay, "We come to conquer or to die." Dermandoft rouſed his friend, and ſnatching up a carbine, he flew to aſſemble his whole party; all were quickly ready, not a man was faithful to his Lord: they got ſafely to the armoury, where they equipped themſelves, and haſted to ſurpriſe the Baron's new favourites, as they titled them, his faithful body guards. Theſe they encompaſſed, except a few who were poſted to aſſiſt the centinels on the watch, Dermandoft contrived to have the draw-bridge down, nay, even the Caſtle-gates thrown

thrown open, and the courts of Leichenſtein were filled with the honeſt troops of Montbelliard. The army drew up in martial array, and Dermandoft appearing fully armed and accoutered, hailed them.

"How fares our noble Lord?" was echoed through the lines.

"He is well; our noble Lord is well," thundered Dermandoft. "Come, my brave friends, we muſt break his priſon doors, and ſet him free." A choſen fifty then attended Dermandoft into the caſtle, where all was in the utmoſt conſternation: one of Baron Leichenſtein's hired bravoes contrived to gain his chamber, where finding only his valet faſt aſleep, he awoke him, and aſked for his Lord with the utmoſt eagerneſs; as a vaſt army of the Baron Montbelliard's now occupied the

caſtle, and all was loſt if their Lord did not inſtantly head his troops.

" What is that I hear?" ſaid the valet. The bravo repeated it.

" Thank God then," exclaimed the valet, " the tyrant Leichenſtein is ſubdued at laſt, and all his miſerable vaſſals will be at reſt."

" Thou rebel dog," ſaid the bravo, " take that; and ſhould you find in hell another maſter, be faithful to him."

The valet, with infinite addreſs, parried the thruſt made at him, and ſnatching up a piſtol lodged the contents in the bravo's brains. " You will find ſomething where I have ſent you, that will reward your fidelity." He then ran down to join his fellow-ſervants, and had juſt arrived when Dermandoft, heading the choſen band, entered

entered the great hall. When they learnt that the Baron had not returned to his chamber ſince two o'clock, each had his different fears and conjectures: Dermandoft trembled for the life of Salvador, and hurrying off with ſledges and hammers to break open the maſſive iron door, and with torches to illuminate the dark paſſages, he led them, by the way he had uſually gone himſelf, to the priſon. The door was faſt — Dermandoft called — and, when the voice of Salvador replied, a general ſhout of joy burſt forth, that echoing and reechoing through the dreary caverns, reſounded like mighty thunder. Inſtantly the door fell to pieces; the chains fell from his limbs, and Salvador was led in triumph to the hall. As ſoon as he appeared at the portal, loud huzzas proclaimed the general joy.

"Send, ſend," ſaid Salvador to Dermandoft, "ſend off an expreſs to Montbelliard, to inform my dear friends of my ſafety, and that I am on my way thither: but ſay, Dermandoft, what have you heard of them? are they well?"

"As well, my Lord, as you yourſelf could expect them to be, while uncertain of your fate."

"Oh! fly, fly then," ſaid Salvador—"get freſh horſes, and loſe not a ſingle moment: alas! what muſt they have ſuffered!" He then ſat him down, and was informed of the Baron's being miſſing; the valet was called and interrogated.—"Since you are ſafe, my Lord," ſaid Dermandoft, "and the Baron has not been with you according to my fears, I doubt he has loſt himſelf in the mazes of the vaults."

"We

"We ſhall ſeek him then," ſaid Salvador.—"But where is Hartly? he muſt not be forgotten." A party was ſent to bring him to the hall; but when that honeſt, brave, and faithful ſoul ſaw his loved Lord in ſafety—ſaw his companions ſtanding around, he fell at his maſter's feet, and burſt into tears.

Dermandoft then took ſome of Salvador's people, and went in ſearch of the fallen Baron. But Salvador, obſerving a ſpirit of hatred and revenge among ſome of the vaſſals, thought it better to go himſelf to check their taunts; or, if the Baron ſhould act imprudently, to prevent, perhaps, fatal conſequences. He ordered ſome of his attendants to bring crow-bars and ſledges, with torches; for, as he ſought the Baron, he reſolved to explore every place that ſhould bear the ſmalleſt ſimili-

tude to a priſon, his mind running much on the idea of there being more unfortunate beings confined within the walls of Leichenſtein. He gave orders to Dermandoſt, to leave no place unexamined, to lead him to every cranny of the caſtle. "Alas! my Lord," replied he, "there are vaſt unmeaſurable ways belonging to this caſtle, far beyond my knowledge; but we ſhall endeavour to diſcover them to the beſt of our power." "Let us then take the circle," ſaid Salvador; and they proceeded.

As the Baron had not viſited Salvador, they ſuppoſed the wine, the glaſs, and cakes, muſt have been intended for ſome wretch that lingered out his days the victim of his cruelty, and that his going to the north ſide was ſolely to deceive the valet, with the idea of their being for his

ſon.

ſon. They therefore took the oppoſite courſe; and deſcending into the deep receſſes of the eaſt ſide, they carefully examined every place they came to. After many turnings they perceived an iron door: the men were called to break it open, which, with much difficulty, they effected, and they entered a large cave: the vaulted roof dropped water; the walls were diſcoloured by long droppings of unwholeſome damps. They ſtopped, and called aloud to know if any living ſoul was to be found in this moſt direful place. Their voices rung around: the echo was ſo great, they were obliged to ſtop, to let it paſs off before they began to ſpeak again. In one of thoſe intervals of ſilence they heard a faint groan, and a weak voice utter, "Yes, yes, there is a miſerable being here; come you, come you, to end

his wretched days? it will be an act of mercy."

"No," ſaid Salvador, "we come to give life and liberty."

"Heaven's will be done," replied the voice—"misfortune has, for ſo many years, been my companion, I hardly think we ſhall ſeparate now."

On approaching, with torches, the place whence the voice iſſued, they diſcovered lying on an old mattraſs, with a filthy blanket, his only covering, a lean and meagre figure, waſted to the bone.

"Oh, God!" ſaid Salvador, "who and what are you?"

"My name is Leichenſtein," ſaid he, "the right owner of this caſtle; the legal heir of all my father's vaſt poſſeſſions."

Salvador leaned againſt Dermandoſt, and heaved a heavy ſigh.

"Come,"

"Come, my Lord," ſaid Dermandoft, "what do you pleaſe to order?"

"What!" ſaid the unhappy ſufferer, hearing Salvador addreſſed by the title of my Lord, "is the uſurper dead, and this his ſon?"

"I am," ſaid Salvador, "the ſon of the Baron Leichenſtein; at leaſt of him who has been long acknowledged ſuch."

"And yet," ſaid the unhappy man, "from your tongue falls the language of humanity; how comes the ſon of ſuch a monſter to have a ſingle virtue?"

"Oh," ſaid Hartly exultingly, "the world boaſts not of a nobler, better man, than our good Lord that ſtands before you."

"God bleſs thee, my child then!" ſaid the man, "may thy cruel father's crimes never fall on thy innocent head! But pray

order away theſe lights; my dim orbs can hardly bear the glare."

They took him gently up, and bore him to the hall, whither Salvador repaired, firſt diſpatching a party to explore the remaining caverns of the caſtle.

## CHAP. X.

O Man, thy kingdom is departing from thee.

The clotted hair! gor'd breaſt! blaſpheming eye!
Its impious fury ſtill alive in death!—
Shut, ſhut the ſhocking ſcene.——

YOUNG.

ON Salvador's return to the hall, his firſt care was to adminiſter every comfort, that circumſtances would admit, to his aged

aged and exhauſted uncle; and having given the neceſſary orders to Hartly and Dermandoſt, for the ſearch after his father, he ſat himſelf down by the ſide of the old man. Oh! it was a piteous ſight to behold: extended on a couch, an old grey-headed man, worn out with faſting and impriſonment—his bones ſtarting through the ſkin—his pallid cheek—his dim and hollow eye—rheum running from each corner down the channels the crude matter had formed deep and laſting. His limbs, the uſe of which had been long loſt to him, were knotted with diſeaſe, and his back quite raw, from lying on the damp hair of his old mattraſs, which in hard lumps and knobs excoriated his aged fleſh. Salvador with difficulty could ſuſtain the ſight; it quite unmanned him; and even the hardy ſoldiers themſelves, as they drew near,

dropped a tear of pity on a wretch who was, as it were, an example how much human nature could endure and live.

Dermandoft, after ſome time, found the Baron wandering in the vaſt underground avenues; he had lain for many hours after his fall inſenſible, and was not long recovered when the voice of Dermandoft was recognized by him calling his name; and the light, on his approach, confirmed him to be no other. Seeing him accompanied by none of his own people, he had a preſentiment that his ſon was reſcued; it was then rage, ſhame, and diſappointment, took poſſeſſion of him. "Traitor," ſaid he to Dermandoft, "how dare you inſult me with your preſence?"

"I mean not to inſult you, my Lord," Dermandoft replied; "but I muſt take the liberty of charging theſe ſoldiers with your

your perſon: we have received particular orders from my Lord Montbelliard to treat you with the greateſt reſpect, but his ſafety makes it neceſſary to guard you for the preſent: you muſt, my Lord, ſubmit to be our priſoner. As the light of the torches ſhone upon the face of the Baron, each feature ſeemed enflamed with rage: he ſtamped with his feet; he roared to them in a voice of thunder, to touch him if they dared; and pulling a dagger from his breaſt, ſwore the firſt man who attempted it ſhould die.

Dermandoft, not to be thus intimidated, ſprung forward; and, ere the Baron had time to draw the dagger frm its ſheath, he ſeized the weapon, calling upon his men to take him into inſtant cuſtody: the men with alacrity obeyed, and Dermandoft, with his fuſil upon his ſhoulder, marched his

his priſoner through all the diſmal windings, till they reached the hall. Oppoſite the door at which they entered, ſat the ſad victim of the cruel and rapacious Baron, ſupported by pillows, and bearing nothing about him of this world; reſembling more a ghaſtly ſpectre that had iſſued from the tombs. Struck as by the hand of death, the Baron, at the ſight, ſtaggered againſt his guards; ſhame, fear, and aſtoniſhment, more than remorſe, ſeemed to actuate him; his livid viſage apparently bore the mark of death, and he ſunk inſenſible.

Salvador had him placed on a couch; and though his heart revolted at his ſight, he ſtill remembered a father had a natural claim upon him, which he felt inclined to anſwer. He at length brought him to himſelf; and, as the Baron recovered, he ſaw

ſaw the duteous and aſſiduous Salvador hanging over him, performing little acts of tenderneſs for his recovery. What heart but that of Leichenſtein's could have ſupported ſuch a ſight? but his was what nothing could ſoften or humanize: with all the force he could collect he puſhed him from him:—"Approach me not," ſaid he, "you are hateful to my ſight. Have you not filled my caſtle with banditti, bribed all my people to revolt, and hold myſelf your priſoner? Then dare you to inſult me with your pity, degenerate wretch! Nature in thee reverſes all her laws, who prompts a ſon to outrage thus his father. Accurſt be the tongue who gave the order for it!—blaſted the heart that conceived it! May your days be ſhortened by diſeaſe! and may you find

a hell

a hell in this world, and all its horrors doubled in the next!"

"Hold, hold, my Lord," ſaid Salvador; "this is too much." At that moment the door flew open, and the Count De Vieille Cour appeared, leading in Mariena. "Oh! my Salvador," ſaid ſhe, "Oh! my loved Lord, do I again behold you ſafe? Pardon, oh! pardon my intruſion: but the idea of what your dangers were was much too great for me, and I find far exceeded the reality. Now I ſee you ſafe and well, let me apologize. I was prepared to ſuffer all things with you; but when I loſt you, I became a very woman, weak both in mind and body."

The Count De Vieille Cour embraced Salvador, and they talked apart a few minutes; when Mariena, on ſeeing Leichenſtein

enſtein, uttered a loud ſhriek, and running to her father, "Save me, ſave me, father;" ſaid ſhe, "from that horrid monſter!" and turning round, the pitiable old man ſtruck her view.

"O gracious heaven!" ſaid ſhe, "what —Oh! what——" In the midſt of this her exclamation, ſuddenly the great folding-doors of the ſpacious hall were thrown open, and the proceſſion of a funeral made its appearance: to the right and left the crowd gave way, for the admiſſion of a coffin covered with a velvet pall, which high on ſtands was raiſed towards the centre of the room: two men in black with ſtaves and ſad ſolemnity took off the lid, when lo, a corpſe, wrapped in a winding-ſheet, appeared to the view of the aſtoniſhed ſpectators. A gloomy ſilence reigned, when, iſſuing from the boſom of

the

the boſom of the throng, ſlowly advanced the Count De Vieille Cour: his looks beſpoke the ſorrows of his heart; thrice he eſſayed to ſpeak, and thrice the words died away on his trembling lips. At length he found his ſpeech, and deeply ſighing uttered:—"What eye ſhall read, what heart reflect, without a ſtarting tear and penſive ſigh, on the ſad ſtory of this injured fair? Cropt as a flower, in blooming beauties prime, ſo fell Julia—Julia De Sallenci. A victim to oppreſſion's iron hand, long was a priſon's ghaſtly walls and grated cells her wretched doom—doomed by the ſtern command of a relentleſs Lord, the Lord of Leichenſtein."—Then, furious at the thought, he loud exclaims, "Come forth, thou peerleſs Lord, if thou art here, and anſwer to the Count De Vieille Cour the wrongs of the murdered Julia De Sallenci."

At

At this moment, oh! horrid to relate, glared full in view an hideous ſpectre, holding in one hand a bowl, on which was inſcribed, "The bane of a duteous, faithful wife, adminiſtered by a fell huſband"—and with the other hand pointing to the Baron of Leichenſtein, it glided to the bottom of the hall and paſſed away.

It ſeemed as if the criſis of the Baron's fate was now arrived: all eyes alternately gazed in conſternation, now on him, and then on the ſpot from whence the terrific ſpectre took its flight. At length the Count De Vieille Cour broke ſilence: "This horrid ſpectre," ſaid he, "whoſe baleful ſight has harrowed up our ſouls, and ſtruck a panic into the firmeſt heart now preſent, has pointed out to me the man I ſeek." And then, as if from the ſhort time his tongue was bound in

mute

mute aſtoniſhment, his words acquired new force, turning to Leichenſtein, he cried: "Come, come, thou wretch, and look upon another of your works! come, and behold a victim of your luſt, the once happy and virtuous Julia, the honour of her noble houſe; ſtolen by you from her ſplendid roof, decked in all the enchanting variety of this vain world, juſt as a virtuous and adoring lover was about to lead her (on whom his ſoul moſt fondly doated) to the altar: you, wretch, ſnatched her from him who long poſſeſſed her heart, and tore her alſo from a fond father's arms, whoſe grief could never be aſſuaged. The life he prized for Julia only he reſigned: when ſhe was gone, his ſorrows quickly brought him to the grave. And thou, poor De St. Fremond, the ſuperlative miſery of long mourning, the loſs of thy

thy love was not ordained thee; thou ſoon retiredſt beyond the reach of even love itſelf; all the various powers of thy ſuſceptible ſoul were ſuſpended, and in deſponding madneſs thy days were paſſed: thou early diedſt to this world, long, long before thy body was entombed. Theſe are thy doings, tyrant, fell monſter of iniquity! Yet was not this enough—but that thou ſhouldſt condemn the lamb thus ſtolen to never-ceaſing miſery and impriſonment, here in this lingering ſlaughter-houſe, doomed by thee to paſs her days, without even nouriſhment ſufficient to give the neceſſary ſupport to lingering nature?——Monſtrous villain! I ſcarce can keep my poniard from thy heart." The Count's eyes flaſhed fire as he ſpake theſe words; his voice re-echoed through the hall, when taking the hand of Mariena, "And here again, vile miſcreant,

in anxious wiſh to ſpeak. Sudden the murmurs ceaſed, and all, intent, waited in breathleſs expectation what ſhould come from this unhappy ſufferer; when heaving firſt a ſickly moan, with a weak and hollow voice he thus began! "Oh! thrice and four times happy are they, who in the early bud of new-born infancy are quick cut off, freed from the guilt and crimes of this vain world. Oh! Providence divine, why could I not have fallen an early ſacrifice to thy all-mighty will, and ſo have eſcaped thoſe many, many worſe than deaths I've ſo long borne? But ſince, alas! thy fiat has been ſuch, that I ſhould feel the weight of all theſe woes, I bow my head to thy correcting rod, and only pray that thou mayſt compaſſion ſhow to the ſoul of him who has been guilty of all theſe crimes with which our ears have been

been but now ſo ſhocked. 'Tis true, for many years I thought him vengeful, cruel, and rapacious, unjuſt and avaricious; but yet I did not, what I now muſt do, believe him to be a cruel murderer.——Oh! it would have been mercy, had he adminiſtered to me a bleſſed bowl, and ſaved me from ſuch a century of pain. Vain, vain were the ſighs which rent my youthful heart, as I lay all along on the damp ground; ſcarce yet had twenty ſummers ripened me to manhood, when he and the villain Zoderiſki, under pretence of ſhowing me the caverns of the Caſtle, got me into the dark damp vault they doomed me to inhabit. Never ſhall I forget the miſery of that ſad day, when, firſt chained to the cold ground, they left me in utter darkneſs, telling me that there I muſt live, never more to reviſit light;—my fortune

was wanting to my brother, who knew much better how to uſe it: my father and mother being from home, they would deceive by a mock funeral, and ſay that I had died of a putrid fever; they further ſaid, that quick-lime ſhould be put into the coffin of a young peaſant who was juſt then deceaſed, that in caſe they ſhould viſit the mauſoleum and open the coffin, they ſhould not be able to identify my body. So well deſigned a plot bereft me of every hope. I offered to divide, and give my brother half, nay, three parts of my fortune, provided he would ſpare me liberty; it would not do, he would have all. "Give me the light of heaven then," ſaid I, "ſome books—a bed to lie upon—ſome ink, paper, and other comforts." No, it did not ſuit their purpoſe; and from that day I never more beheld the light;

light; the genial ſun, or vernal ſhower, never again invigorated or refreſhed me: my fleeting joys were paſſed, my hopes were flown. Pale grew my lip—my languid eye half-cloſed, I ſought the grave, but it eluded my graſp, and death, by others ſo dreaded, to me would have been ſuch bliſs——Oh! memory! why recall theſe hours, when I, in helpleſs dumb deſpair, lay ſtretched in my lone cave, in miſery how ſublime, watching the hours as they tardily wore away, beſeeching the Almighty to cloſe a life ſo ſad, ſo every way devoid of hope, I ſcarce had fortitude to bear? and yet, I take Heaven to witneſs, I never curſed the author of my woe. In agony and ſuſpenſe I paſſed my youthful days, repining at my fate; but yet my heart ne'er wiſhed, my tongue ne'er uttered a like misfortune to befall that

man by whom I was deprived of every human comfort. His conſcience is, and long has been a hell; nor would I in the moſt forlorn moments of my life, when mind and body have been tortured to the quick, have changed ſituations; no, not though the only crime he had to gnaw his cankered heart, excluſive of his many others, was the deſtruction of a brother. Oh! Carlo! Carlo! I forgive thee all! may God forgive thee likewiſe! nor do I aſk a reſtitution of that wealth which full forty years thou haſt poſſeſſed thyſelf of: enjoy the eſtates of Leichenſtein, while yet you inhabit a world which, after ſuch a day as this, can yield you little pleaſure. A few ſhort years muſt ſoon conclude my ſad and weary life; for theſe I throw myſelf, a miſerable poor old man, on the benevolence of that lovely youth, your virtuous

tuous ſon: he will take care of my remaining days, and pour the balm of comfort o'er my wounded ſoul. In early prime my form reſembled his; yes, generous youth, this viſage, which now almoſt ſtrikes horror at the ſight, was once as famed for beauty as thy father's, but now, alas, how changed!——Hear! it ye vain, ye proud; while high with health and youth, your hearts exult, hear it, and behold the vanity of ſuch advantage, the vanity of human joys! See, ſee in me a monitor, and ſet not your hearts alone on this vain world. A more propitious ſtar than brightened on my birth ne'er roſe on a firſt-born; nor did I feel, when baſking in the ſweets of ſpring, the winter's quick approach, the ſtorm which ſwept me to a living tomb, where ſolitude and ſilence dwelt, and where the voice of woe from

this torn breaſt was all the ſound I heard for forty ſolar circles, ſave the firſt day of the new year, a human voice proclaimed it to me—the only act of mercy ſhown through all that length of time. My ſole employ was notching lonely years, and making marks of the ſad days as they crept ſlowly on: I knew that once in eight and forty hours my wretched bread and water was regularly brought, and from this circumſtance I numbered them with accuracy. This then was my employment, complaint my language, and care the pillow on which I laid my head."

In the loweſt cadence this weak old man ſummed up all his ſufferings: exhauſted quite with having ſpoken ſo long, at length he ceaſed. He had touched the ſtring that ſounds to pity, and all had given way to tears, as he had ſlowly told the

the tale of horror. The ſoldiers, as if by one conſent, and actuated by one idea, advanced a ſtep, ſhouldering their pieces, to take revenge. Zeal for the injured, and hatred of the tyrant, filled every breaſt. Salvador ſtepped forward, dreading the event, and by his looks and motions quieted their fiery ſouls: they inſtantly fell back the ſtep they had advanced, and once more ſeemed occupied alone by pity at the ſcene before them.

Deep in the heart of Leichenſtein boiled overwhelming ſhame, and frantic rage; his blood flowed impetuouſly through all his frame, and his bewildered judgment wanted ſtrength to govern the torrent. Horrors ruſhed upon his brain: he had arrived at the very point of his fate; the ſhades of all thoſe virtuous beings he had deſtroyed ſeemed to gather round him;

his eyes grew wild, his every feature appeared extended on the rack; he waved his hand, and ſtaring round, he talked as if addreſſing thoſe, no eyes beheld but his—the airy unembodied ſhades that filled his maddened brain. "I come, I come," ſaid he, "to give the reſtitution you require; and yet, methinks, you have had enough; what more do you demand?—Ye infernal hoſt, rack me no more—point not your ſpikes at me—I am torn enough—unhand me, monſters.——There—there—give me a little reſt.——That's well; my bones are gnawed, my limbs are dragged—ſee, ſee—they come again—ſave me—ſave me—there goes the ſhade of her I murdered.——Hold—drink not of that fatal bowl—it's poiſon, my Iſabel, that Leichenſtein preſents—drink not, on your life—you'll ſend your huſband's ſoul to everlaſting

everlaſting torments, if you let down the ſmalleſt drop.——Oh! take me not to priſon—my ſon has wealth enough—he'll pay you all—but him I murdered too—quick, quick—he dies—he has no food—I kept the key myſelf, and ere I reached the priſon door he died.——I ſaw him on the ground—waſted for want he lay; and as I looked on what was once my ſon, methought he ſmiled and ſaid, "I am happy, my mother; I come to join you in the bleſſed abodes, where cruel man no longer triumphs." He put his finger on his mouth, and lowering his voice, "Huſh!" ſaid he, "let no one ſtir: in a huge vault, that hardly has an end, lies one I fear to think on——that villain Zoderiſki urged the deed——Oh! the curſed love of gold! —I have had ſome fearful dreams of late— I'll ſleep no more—no—no—I cannot go

to bed—don't urge me to it." Then fury took poſſeſſion of his ſoul. "By Heavens, I cannot, will not bear it—I fear neither death, nor Heaven regard.—" As he ſaid this, in all the maddened fury of a lunatic, he caught a ſword, and ruſhing on its point, he fell ere thoſe who ſtood around had time or power to arreſt the deed.

"Is it too late?" cried Salvador, flying to the fallen Baron, "is it poſſible to ſave him? Fool that I was, to leave a weapon in his way! Alas! alas! the life and blood comes pouring forth—he dies—he dies.—" Had he been ſpared, he might have repented all, and made his peace with Heaven." Salvador heaved a ſigh, and ſtood with folded hands looking upon the bloody corpſe. The guilty ſoul of Leichenſtein ſent into the preſence of his Maker by his

own

own hand, unbidden—Oh! what a finiſh to ſuch a life!" He concluded this ſentence with a groan which vibrated on the hearts of all preſent.

## CHAP. XI.

*In which the Hiſtory is brought to a concluſion.*

STRUCK with this ſcene of horror, a ſickening ſenſation took poſſeſſion of Salvador, the Count, and Mariena; they retired in ſilence, occupied with feelings that required time to ſubdue them. In ſeparate apartments they ſpent a few days, during which Salvador ſaw the remains of

his father depoſited in the vault of his anceſtors.

The body of Madame De Sallenci was conducted back with ſolemn pomp to Montbelliard, where it was interred in the mauſoleum belonging to that caſtle. When all the funeral rites were finiſhed, and the ſpirits of the family, agitated by the recent events, in ſome meaſure compoſed, Salvador opened to his uncle, the old Baron, his intentions, on which he had reflected ſome days, that of inveſting him with the poſſeſſion and eſtates of Leichenſtein; but the aged man would by no means hear of it: worn out as he was, and unfitted for any of the cares of this world, his only wiſh was to paſs the remainder of his days in peace, and end them at the Caſtle of Montbelliard, whither at his requeſt he was conveyed. Oh! with what unfeigned

unfeigned joy the worthy Madame Lindorn folded Salvador and Mariena to her heart! "I gave directions, dear Madam," ſaid Salvador, "to have you informed of all the ſad and melancholy circumſtances of the laſt eventful days; circumſtances which the more I think of, the more I am loſt in wonder. Our reaſon teaches us that ſome things are impoſſible, and yet——" he pauſed—he looked at the Count De Vieille Cour.

"I have heard," ſaid the Count, ſtrange ſtories in my time; and yet, though on any other ſubject I ſhould implicitly rely on the veracity of my auditors, on the ſubject of ſupernatural appearances I own I was a very Thomas; what I witneſſed at the caſtle of Leichenſtein has cauſed me to change my opinion."

"Keep

"Keep your opinion ſtill," ſaid Madame Lindorn; "there are thoſe who have the power, without any ſupernatural aid, of raiſing theſe appearances at pleaſure, and I profeſs myſelf one of theſe."

They thought it a pleaſantry of hers to laugh away the gloom the late events had thrown upon their ſpirits, and ſmiled at the effort without expreſſing any wonder.

"Nay," ſaid Madame Lindorn, "you do not credit me. I can, upon my honour, make good what I ſay; and, if it is agreeable, will this moment ſhew you that very ſpectre you beheld at Leichenſtein."

At this they again ſmiled, yet ſtill Madame Lindorn perſiſted.

"Then pray," ſaid Salvador, "if this lady," pointing to Mariena, "has no objection,

objection, ſhew us this ſpecimen of your art. I never thought that the amiable Madame Lindorn added, to all her other perfections and great knowledge, the art of necromancy."

Mariena ſaying ſhe had not the leaſt objection, and Madame Lindorn bowing, took from her pocket a little pipe, which ſhe applied to her lips. No ſooner had the ſound reverberated round the room, than a noiſe was heard; and, iſſuing from the wall, the ghaſtly ſpectre they beheld at Leichenſtein made its appearance: it glided along the room and vaniſhed. In all amazement, the Baron and the Count ſtared on each other

"Well," ſaid Madame Lindorn, "have I kept my word?"

"Moſt literally," replied Salvador.

"Shall

" Shall I ſtill retain the good opinion of my Lord, if I inform him by what means I can command theſe ſtrange appearances?"

" My good opinion of Madame Lindorn," anſwered Salvador, " is grounded on a foundation not to be ſhaken."

" Then, my Lord," ſaid this moſt worthy woman, " hear me; and if I have acted in any way repugnant to your ideas and opinions, condemn my underſtanding, not my heart.

" The laſting love and friendſhip I bore my Lady the Baroneſs, your angel mother, made me clear-ſighted, and obſervant in all things which concerned her; I was her boſom friend, the confidante of all her ſecret thoughts: dying, ſhe betrayed to me her ſuſpicions, that undue means had been contrived

contrived to rob her of her life. On the very day ſhe diſcloſed her fears to me, mine were awakened to her danger, from ſome particular circumſtances; when aſking her, if ſhe could form a thought of the perſon who could be guilty of ſo heinous a wickedneſs, ſhe anſwered, No; and ſaid, ſhe hoped her dear Lord would be kept in ignorance, as her death, which ſhe now ſaw was inevitable, accompanied with theſe circumſtances, would doubly ſhock and grieve him.

"Finding her ignorant and unſuſpicious of the real perſon, I ſtrove to hide my thoughts, and, with a heart overwhelmed with affliction, I ſunk by her ſide; and taking her dear hand in mine, we prayed together. You, my Lord, filled all her ſoul; on you her every thought was turned; the language of praiſe hung on her

her quivering lip, and her laſt prayer was offered up for your preſervation and happineſs. Juſt before ſhe died, ſhe again mentioned to me her ſuſpicion of being poiſoned: "It is a foul black deed," ſaid ſhe, "and ſhould be brought to light: my dear Salvador is young; were he to know it, his youthful ardor might carry him lengths, to avenge my death, that might lead him into danger we cannot be ſufficiently aware of. Of his ſtrong affection I am conſcious, and his feeling heart will mourn my loſs, while it has power to beat. On you, my friend, I depend to bring to light my foul murder; ſwear to me you will contrive ſome method to diſcover my untimely death, and that you will avenge it; promiſe me this, and I ſhall die in peace. To this moſt ſolemnly, moſt fervently I pledged myſelf, and I have kept my

my oath. O God! the ſolitude and miſery that ſucceeded her deceaſe, bereft me almoſt of life; her loſs was inſupportable: a ſtill agony, more to be dreaded than the moſt violent emotions, took poſſeſſion of me; and when I came to myſelf, the recurring to the circumſtances of her death ſhocked my inmoſt ſoul, and nearly again reduced me to the ſtate I had ſo lately recovered from: her laſt requeſt ſolely occupied my thoughts, from the moment of returning ſenſe; and pondering on the ſafeſt and moſt probable means, I choſe that which appeared to me moſt likely to take effect.

"I could have little or no doubt of its being the Baron who adminiſtered the poiſon; for on a ſlight illneſs of the Baroneſs, a phyſician who was called in preſcribed a medicine, which was brought to

to the Baron: at that time the Baroneſs was lying on my breaſt, and he ſtanding by took the phial from Annette, and ſent her on ſome meſſage; when, retiring to a table as if to pour it out, I ſaw him, by the reflection of a mirror, take from his waiſtcoat pocket a paper of powder, and mix it with the draught. I then thought it to be a part of the phyſician's preſcription, and took no notice, until I perceived a general tremor ſeize him, on taking the cup from her immediately after drinking: his whole frame was ſtrongly agitated, and he inſtantly quitted the room. Shocked to the ſoul at the bare idea, all power forſook me, and I fainted on the boſom of my dear and only friend. On my recovery I found her quiet and tranquil, rather better than when I was taken ill, ſo that I hoped my ſuſpicion was groundleſs; however,

however, for the greater precaution, I gave her a large quantity of oil, which made her vomit; a ſecond doſe of the ſame kind ſhortly after had the ſame effect, and I truſted this would prove an antidote in caſe my fears were juſt. The Baron went that night to a ball; and I, taking advantage of his abſence, repaired to his dreſſing-room, to ſearch his pocket, if any of the powder might remain, as I ſaw him in haſte and confuſion return the paper in which it was contained into his breeches pocket. The paper I found, and in it ſome of the powder, which, mixed up with butter, I threw to a dog; but, alas! the animal ſoon after ſickened, and, after lingering a conſiderable time, expired. Now my ſuſpicions amounted to certainty: I was fully confirmed as to the murderer of my adored friend, but ſtill I had

had no proof boldly to confront him; and yet if I had, I ſhould have felt the wound a public execution would have been to you, and to the memory of her who was no more. Other enormities of the Baron's came to my knowledge, and I confeſs I had hopes of terrifying him into repentance. I therefore came to the reſolution of warning him, by what he might deem a ſupernatural appearance—a human figure holding a bowl, which his conſcience would teach him to underſtand. To accompliſh this, I fixed on a favourite of the late Baroneſs, a moſt worthy man; who, on conſulting him, acknowledged his ſuſpicions were equal to my own. His figure was remarkably thin, and his ſtature exceedingly tall, which fitted him well to repreſent the Baroneſs. I ſo contrived the diſmal winding ſheet, that in many parts

parts it was tranſparent, which gave the appearance of a form aërial, and a well-painted maſk did all the reſt. To add to this, Langſtain loved his loſt lady, and hated the hand who ſent her hence; his very ſoul was intereſted, and he conducted every thing to a miracle. There are many of the pannels of the rooms in this Caſtle planned with ſuch ſecret ſkill, that they are unknown to all who have not with an equally enquiring eye as mine examined them: I diſcovered them to Langſtain, and he quickly found many exactly ſimilar in the vaſt Caſtle of Leichenſtein, contrived no doubt in troubleſome times for the ſafety of the owners. Through theſe with admirable addreſs he lightly glided, and deceived the frightened eye: at ſuch a moment the tortured mind of a murderer wants courage to collect itſelf; and,

and, forgive me, my Lord, to you my arts were alſo ſhewn, for theſe reaſons. I could not bring myſelf to wound your feelings, and yet I wiſhed to warn you of your mother's fate and father's crimes: my thorough knowledge of his character and circumſtances, juſtly awakened all my fears; and Langſtain's conſtant information of his pecuniary diſtreſſes, told me your fortune was his aim. Well knowing, my Lord, you poſſeſs a heart firm and brave, and that its innocence could fear no ill, I hoped by trivial nightly viſitations, as from your mother's troubled ſpirit, what I wiſhed you to know would yourſelf ſurmiſe. At your arrival, by ambiguous hints I awakened alarms concerning the chamber in which you were to ſleep, and in it cauſed noiſes to diſturb the family: it was I who, from behind the

arras,

arraſs, in a thin white dreſs, glided acroſs your room, and contrived to place a falſe bell-ſtring in room of the real, to prevent your ringing during the night, and in the morning let fall again the true one. The drawing up the bed-curtains at the Caſtle of Leichenſtein alſo was contrived ſimply by a pulley, which is very eaſily fixed to canopy-bedſteads, and having a cord to work it through the tapeſtry, it appeared the effect of no leſs than a being gifted with more than mortal powers. If my motives are thought by you, my Lord, ſufficient to acquit me of improper conduct in theſe circumſtances I have here related, what I have moſt wiſhed to live for, I have finiſhed with ſucceſs; and perhaps the tortures I thus inflicted on the Baron, have cauſed him ſome moments of repentance that may be acceptable to his Maker. I probed his

conſcience with hope to heal his ſoul; for it was neceſſary to his character, that he ſhould ſuffer ere he could feel. To awaken him from ſin was my moſt ardent wiſh, next to that of ſaving you; and every power of my mind was exerted to act for the beſt. I wiſhed to turn his thoughts towards endeavouring to reconcile himſelf to that all-mighty power he had ſo groſsly offended, and who even in this world has fearfully avenged my innocent, virtuous, loſt friend."

Madame Lindorn ceaſed; and looking in the eyes of Salvador for her pardon, ſhe received every aſſurance of the high ſenſe he had of her prudence, fidelity, and high-wrought friendſhip for the Baroneſs, his mother; and ſo perfectly reconciled her to herſelf, that thoſe tumults of uneaſy uncertainty ſubſided, and left a calm on the mind

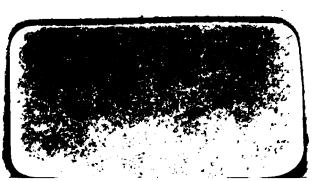
mind of Madame Lindorn, ſhe had long been a ſtranger to. The meſſenger returned from the Convent, whither he had been ſent to collect tidings of Mariena's birth: he brought a letter from the Lady Abbeſs, in which was incloſed a picture, which the Count immediately recogniſed to be that of a young lady, an intimate and dear friend of the Counteſs. The Abbeſs's information was ſimply, that Mariena had been taken to the Convent by an Engliſh Lady, who depoſited a ſum of money for her maintenance; that ſhe was ignorant to whom the child belonged; that mere accident had thrown her in the way of her and her Lord to ſave her life; and that her beauty and innocence gained her an intereſt in their hearts: the ſhift ſhe had on, when found, was marked with the name of Mariena, and the ſtring to which

hung the picture which the Lady Abbeſs had ſent, was faſtened round her arm: ſhe was found on the ſea-ſhore; and it was concluded, that the ſhip, in which her parents were, was wrecked, and the child alone, of all the crew and paſſengers, was ſaved. The Lady Abbeſs expreſſed her ſincere joy at hearing of Mariena's ſafety, for whom ſhe had the moſt unfeigned affection, and had much lamented her loſs, when the Baron of Leichenſtein took her away to join Lady Clairville at Paris, in their route to England.

If the Count de Vieille Cour had any doubts before, they were now totally done away by this information of the Lady Abbeſs, which was deciſive. And now no cauſe exiſted why Salvador ſhould not come to an explanation, on what his heart was ſo warmly intereſted in: he took the firſt opportunity of doing ſo; and as he had

had every reaſon to expect, ſo he was received with the warmeſt degree of approbation and delight. The worth of Salvador aroſe more conſpicuouſly bright from the paſt occurrences, which diſplayed his many virtues in their full force to the Count de Vieille Cour, who alſo was a character that could do juſtice to them, and for theſe he prized him as a huſband for his daughter; and when he contemplated the rich poſſeſſions of his mind, which muſt enſure her eminent happineſs and felicity, he totally forgot, and was regardleſs, that they were annexed to all the ſplendour of titled wealth.

The celebration of the marriage of Salvador with the lovely Mariena de Vieille Cour, took place as ſoon as a decent time had elapſed from the death of the Baron of Leichenſtein; and, in the poſſeſſion of each other, thoſe ineſtimable beings enjoyed

joyed all the bliſs this world is capable of beſtowing. An uſeful leſſon may be deduced from the reflections of Madame Lindorn, on the morning of their nuptials, who, taking a hand of each, ſaid, "Through the melancholy voyage of each of the lives of the Baron and Baroneſs De Montbelliard to this preſent period, we are taught to admire and adore the inſcrutable ways of Providence. Driven from ſociety by a concurrence of what appeared to mortal eye the moſt unfortunate circumſtances, my Lord has been eventually led to the higheſt ſummit of human happineſs; and we find, that however for a time juſtice may be obſcured, and virtue oppreſſed, yet that that great Power, whoſe mercy is over all his works, in his own good time, even in this world, viſits with his puniſhments, and confers his rewards."

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